

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND COLOURED CHRISTMAS CARDS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON.

BIRTH.

On the 16th inst., at Barmoor Castle, Northumberland, Mrs. Meade-Waldo, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 13th inst., at Mornington, Cowes, Elizabeth Augusta Harriet, Dowager Countess of Lisburne.

On the 12th inst., at Gladswood, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, after a short illness, Arabella Hamilton, widow of Colonel Richard Hayne, late of Dittisham, Devon, and youngest daughter of the late Colonel Henderson, of Foswell Bank, Perthshire, N.B., in her 77th year, dearly beloved.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 29, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	
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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24 will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Friday, Dec. 28, except those issued for a less distance than 10 miles.

The Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued on Dec. 22 will be available up to and including Thursday, Dec. 27.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, Dec. 22 and 24.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.35 p.m., and London Bridge 5.00 p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, Bembridge Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on 24th to Cowes and Newport also (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

CHRISTMAS DAY Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 a.m., and 8.25 a.m. to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 a.m. and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.

A Special Train will leave London Bridge at Midnight, Monday Dec. 24, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS direct from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Liverpool-street, Whitechapel, Wapping, Rothehithe, &c., as required by the Traffic.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Arches, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended hibernation resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and the continuance of which work will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and Town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence of an English Engineer and Surveyor of renown, and a thorough revision of the Town drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A New Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn at Cannes, there are nearly 600 Villas, furnished, and upwards of Seventy Hotels and Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been erected on the grandest scale compatible with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms, commanding magnificent views with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful Gardens, with Lawns, Tennis Grounds, and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shops where every article of English requirement can be obtained: beautiful pictures, Churches of several denominations; Clubs, Theatre, Casino; English Drapers, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants, and Libraries.

The following visitors have arrived—Lord and Lady Acton, the Marquis and Marchioness Alisa, Lord Dunsdale, Lord Keene, Lady Lennox, Lady Moynihan, Lady Beaumont, and Lady Pottimore—together with upwards of 500 English families. The Empress of Russia is daily expected, as also many Princes and Monarchs.

Cannes, Dec. 3, 1883.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:—

OPERETTES

Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LES CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE.

LE PETIT FAUST.

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artiste,

Mdlle. Jeanne Granier,

Mdlle. Helen Scheirer,

ITALIAN OPERAS.

JAN. 19 to MARCH 15.

The following Operas will be given:—

IL BALLO IN MASCHERA,

FRA DIABOLO,

IL TROVATORE,

Mesdemoiselles Devries,

" Sallie,

" Novelli,

Monsieur Miczwinski,

The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several

GRAND CONCERTS,

at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced

between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Friday, Dec. 14: Prix d'Outreter.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Monday, Dec. 17: Prix de Décembre.

Handicap.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Friday, Dec. 21: Prix d'Hiver.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Monday, Dec. 24: Prix de Noël.

Handicap.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Friday, Dec. 28: Prix Lorillard.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Monday, Dec. 31: Prix See.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Friday, Jan. 4, 1884: Prix de Janvier.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

Monday, Jan. 7: Prix W. Call.

Handicap.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

PROGRAMME DE BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.

Friday, Feb. 1 .. Three Pigeons, 25 mètres .. Prix de St. Quentin.

Monday " 4 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix A. Yeo.

Friday " 8 .. Three Pigeons, 23 mètres .. Prix C. Pennell.

Monday " 15 .. Three Pigeons, 26 mètres .. Prix Roberts.

Friday " 18 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix Hoopwood.

Monday " 22 .. Three Pigeons, 29 mètres .. Prix Lafond.

Friday " 25 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix Esterhazy.

Monday " 29 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons, 27 mètres .. Prix Camauer.

Monday, Mar. 3 .. Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix de Mars.

N.B.—The prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of 50f. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.

Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f., Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at

25 mètres.

Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 26 mètres.

A. BLONDIN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. F. C. Leader.—ON BOXING NIGHT, Dec. 23, at a Quarter to Eight (and Every Evening), will be presented a Grand Christmas pantomime, being a new version of LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, by Mr. Frank Green, produced by R. Barker, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear, assisted by other eminent artists. Commencing at 7.45. A Special and First MORNING PERFORMANCE will be given on THURSDAY, Dec. 27; Second, SATURDAY, Dec. 29, after which MORNING PERFORMANCES Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Two. Prices, 1s. to £2 2s. Box-Office open from Ten to Five. Seats can be booked in advance.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—THIS EVENING, at Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey—Mrs. John Wood, Miss Brougham-Tre, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Macintosh, Mr. Charles Sudgen, and Mr. John Clayton. Box-Office hours, Eleven to Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.40. TENTH MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, at 2.30.

M. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred J. and Corney Grimes—MOSS ROSE RENT, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corney Grimes' New Musical Sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL, concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Twice on Boxing-Day, at Three and Eight. Stalls, £s. and 1s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, W. PROFESSOR DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S., will deliver a Course of Six Experimental Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on ALCHEMY (in relation to Modern Science). Will commence on THURSDAY NEXT, DEC. 27, at Three o'clock; to be continued on Dec. 29; and Jan. 1, 3, 5, 8, 1884. Subscription (for Non-Members) to all the Courses in the Season, One Guinea (Children under sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.—The FIRST EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, Regent-street and Piccadilly.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVAL

of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will commence on BOXING DAY, WEDNESDAY NEXT, and be continued

EVERY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAYS.

The Great Hall will (as usual) be fitted with an enlarged Stage and Proscenium,

and brilliantly illuminated, expressly for these performances.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME will comprise

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS, BALLADS, PART-SONGS

AND DOUBLE CHORUSES.

BOUNTFULLY INTERSPERSED WITH NEW AND CHOICE BON MOTS,

NEW AND NOVEL DANCES AND SCREAMING BURLESQUES,

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Returning to Rome, after a few days spent in Naples, I found the papers full and all the English colony talking of the death and burial of the once famous tenor, Mario, who died on Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 176, Via di Ripetta, Rome. The great artist was seventy-three years of age. His real style and title were, as most of us know, Giuseppe Marchese di Candia, of an illustrious Sardinian family; but when he went on the Italian lyric stage he very wisely put his coronet in his pocket. Marquises are easily forgotten; but the name of Mario should shine forth with an enduring light in operatic history.

What an enchanting vocalist and what an extremely bad actor, to be sure, was Signor Mario when I first beheld him, some three-and-forty years ago, as Nemorino in "L'Elisir d'Amore." He was nothing more nor less than what actors term "a stick," although he had gone through the usual course of elocution and declamation at the Paris Conservatoire. But the delicious quality of his voice, his splendid comeliness, and the romance attaching to his personal history—he had simply shown a clean pair of heels to the regiment of Sardinian *cacciatori*, in which he was an officer—made his timid and awkward acting of very slight account. After all, he was in the year Forty or so not a much greater "stick" than young Mr. Lee Morton, afterwards to be renowned as Mr. Dion Boucicault, most prolific of dramatists, and finest of modern actors of Irish characters. Mario eventually became, in his line, as admirable an actor as Mr. Boucicault is in his own.

Mario as Nemorino, Lablache as Dr. Dulcamara, Giulia Grisi as Adina; that is as much as I can recollect of the cast of the "Elisir" three-and-forty years syne. Then reverts my memory to the first days of the Royal Italian Opera, with Grisi and Mario at their grandest; but without Lablache, who remained sturdily faithful to Mr. Benjamin Lumley (a very able and hardly-used *impresario*) and the old house.

There is, happily, living a dear kinswoman of mine who, between the years 1843 and 1847, used periodically to treat me to a stall at Her Majesty's Theatre. How proud I was of being her escort, and of wearing for the nonce a black satin stock with a double breast-pin, and a remarkable vest of brocaded satin which, from its variegated hues, was known in my family as "the flower-pot waistcoat!" I believe that the garment owed its origin to a petticoat in which Somebody had gone to Court. What would the Romans say if I were to present myself now in such a vest at the Teatro Costanzi? I should run the risk of undergoing the Roman equivalent, whatever that may be, of being "smuggled for a Guy."

There are no more "flower-pot" waistcoats in these days; no more Rubinis, Marios, Grisis, Tamburinis, Ivanoffs, Morianis, Persianis, Tamberiks, Albonis, Lablaces, and Ronconis; no more "Long Thursdays" and *pas de quatre*, with Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny Ellsler, and Cerito to dance them. Those were not, perhaps, precisely the dancers of the original and immortal *pas*; but I am far from Benjamin Lumley's "Reminiscences" and Mr. Sutherland Edwards's "History of the Opera." There is melancholy proof that one's memory is decaying when I confess that I cannot exactly remember whether it was Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, or Taglioni and Cerito, who danced the "Menuet de la Cour" in "Don Giovanni," at Her Majesty's in Mr. Lumley's time.

It was through an odd association of ideas that a thing so trifling as a school-boy's waistcoat made out of a lady's brocaded petticoat arose to my mind. Some five years since, an Italian friend of mine, domiciled in London, had in his studio a large portion of Mario's almost incomparably rich and tasteful theatrical wardrobe; and, in company with two accomplished ladies who were enthusiastic admirers of the great tenor, I went to see his operatic *défroque*. Little was missing. Otello's snowy mantle and tunic of mail; Edgardo's suit of sables and plumed *biretta*; Elvino's doublet and hose—*tutta la roba*. Costly velvets and satins, splendid lace and embroidery, bullion fringes, gleaming rapiers and armour, belts and collars gleaming with "stage" jewellery; and the whole might have been bought, so to speak, for a song. *Vieux habits, vieux galons!* The ladies were affected almost to tears by the spectacle.

According to the Roman *Capitan Fracassa*, Mario, in the course of his lyrical career, earned from ten to twelve millions of francs. Say, taking the first estimate, that he made four hundred thousand pounds. Even that computation may be much exaggerated. How he managed to get rid of his money if it would be indecorous—seeing that he has children living—to inquire. A great deal too much is talked, or rather chattered, in these latter days, about the private means of public men. It is sufficient to know that Mario made a good end of it, in peaceful competence in Rome, which he had made his home during the last ten years of his life. He was visited very shortly before his death by our Mr. W. G. Cusins (whom the Romani apers are calling "Il Signore Cousin"), the leader of her Majesty's private band; and, with the full knowledge that his end was approaching, the moribund artist expressed to the eminent English musician (who is at present sojourning in Rome) his warmest gratitude to our Gracious Sovereign for the kind personal interest which she had not ceased to take in his welfare. Many days before these lines are in print you will have seen that Mr. W. G. Cusins was instructed to attend the funeral of Mario, and place on the coffin a wreath of flowers, the offering of the Queen of England and Empress of India. The record of this act of graceful sympathy of the "graziosa Regina" for the memory of the "tenore-gentiluomo" has rung by this time through the entire Italian peninsula.

Those who remember the tenor in his youthful, dashing,

Adonis-like days will read with interest the following extract from the *Capitan Fracassa* describing Mario in his Roman retreat:

Mario, nel soggiorno di Roma, passava il tempo occupandosi di archeologia, di lingue, dipingendo e facendo lavori di falegname, nei quali era eccellente; anche vecchio, con la barba candida, gli occhi color cielo, la labbra rosea, la grande correttezza e semplicità del vestire e dei modi, era di una simpatia straordinaria. A sentirlo discorrere, addirittura incantava.

An English friend of mine, who frequently saw Mario during the last five years, tells me that in mien and attire he reminded him of "a happy and prosperous Rural Dean." I should be very glad to look like a Rural Dean.

The tenor was a great lover of books, and especially prided himself on the possession of a missal, reputed to have been once the property of Lucrezia Borgia—"my ancestress," as he was wont to term the much-maligned Duchess of Ferrara. He claimed to be a descendant of the Medieval Dukes of Candia, originally of Torre del Greco, who afterwards migrated to Sardinia. Who knows?

The mention of Donna Lucrezia suggests to me the title of a book which, written with true knowledge and calm impartiality, would be as intensely interesting as it would be edifying. Scholars in search of a subject, what do you say to an essay on "The Extent to which History has been Falsified by Poets and Painters"? Take, to begin with, two eminently illustrated cases—those of Lucrezia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci. The first, it has been clearly proved, was not the monster of iniquity she is described by Victor Hugo as having been. The latter was not the angelic creature—at the utmost, sixteen years of age at the time of her death—as she is erroneously supposed to have been, painted by Guido, and as she figures in Shelley's tragedy and Guerrazzi's novel. The real Lucrezia Borgia had many admirable qualities, and died in her bed. The real Beatrice Cenci appears to have been a most objectionable person, questionably good-looking (for, with a large fortune at her disposal, she had not been able to find a husband), and twenty-two years of age and a mother when she was beheaded for the murder of her father. If you have any doubts on the subject, read Signor Bertolotti's book, which is simply a laborious compilation of the criminal archives of the time. Signor Bertolotti's verdict on Beatrice was that "she was capable of everything except good"; and the only excuse that he can find for her is that from her early childhood she had been motherless, and that her father was an intolerable old brute, who was continually drubbing his children and his domestics with a broomstick—"un manico di scoppa grossa."

Victor Hugo deliberately made "ducks and drakes" of the story of the Borgias, just as in his astonishingly apocryphal play of "Cromwell" he has made "confusion worse confounded" of the history of the Great Protector and his epoch. But Guido Reni must not be held responsible for the curious misconception respecting that portrait which enchants the world in the Barberini Gallery, and thousands of copies of which are dispersed over the surface of the globe. Guido did not come to Rome until some years after the execution of Beatrice. How his portrait of an evidently favourite model (in more than one instance he has repeated her in works which are indubitably his handiwork) came to be mistaken for a likeness of Beatrice Cenci is one of the most puzzling of pictorial mysteries.

I am much beholden to my friend Mr. Sam Timmins for directing my attention to a passage in the "Local Notes and Queries" of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, which throws a curious light on the mistranslation of Coventry's "three tall spires" as "obelisci" in the Italian version of Tennyson. In 1819 an Italian traveller named Orsi published, in a series of letters to his daughter, a description of his travels in England, notably in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, Coventry, and the Black Country. In one of his letters he remarks:—

Behold me from Oxford at Birmingham. Here I knew the excellent Signori Moillet and Galton, who directed me soon to Tipton—a mile distant from Dudley (Dudley), to the house of the most courteous Signor Baker, President of Mines and Works. It is said that the Greek (?) name of Tipton came from its industrious and able smiths. I saw the composition (manufacture) of soap, so jealously, like other things, concealed in London, the oxidation of lead, and the melting of iron. When brought from the mine, and the coal added, the purification is by a slow fire. Then the melted iron flows into moulds, and quickly vases, pipes, pavements, ladders, arches, and columns of iron are made. How lugubrious is the aspect of the place! How immense the steam machines! How the fire-belching chimneys (obelisci) smoke!

Now, in the original Italian Signor Orsi renders the "fire-belching chimneys" as "obelisci." Here are his own words:—"Quanto è lugubre l'aspetto di questo luogo! Che immensità di macchine vaporose! Che ignivomi obelisci e fumanti." It is not at all improbable that the Veronese gentleman who translated "Godiva" had never visited Coventry, but that he had read Orsi's book, and, learning that the neighbourhood was a centre of manufacturing industry, jumped at the conclusion that the "three tall spires" were so many smoke stacks.

"A German Smoker" sends me a letter written half in English and half in the Teutonic tongue, a letter intended to be facetious, and in which he tells me that the "Cigarrenabschnitts-severalothersyllables Society," of whose benevolent action I recently spoke, is not one whose object is only the picking up of cigar-ends thrown away in the street, but the gathering and preservation for subsequent sale as pure tobacco of the tips of cigars as they are cut off by the smoker before he begins his deleterious pastime. There would appear to be a similar society at Stockholm, for "E. A. N." has politely sent me by post from the Swedish capital a delicate little apparatus which can be easily carried in the waistcoat pocket, by means of which the collection of cigar-tips can as easily be practised. It is a little metal box or *etui*, somewhat resembling a small portable inkstand, but flatter, the sides covered with Russia leather. One end of the box is perforated with a circular aperture, which can be opened or closed at will by means of a slide running in grooves beneath. You

just draw back the slide, place the tip of your cigar in the aperture, and then push the slide smartly back again, neatly decapitating your "weed." So much tobacco as has been attained by means of this portable guillotine falls into the reservoir beneath, and when the machine is full it can be emptied by opening the metal flap at the other end. Obviously, all you have to do is to keep on filling and refilling the reservoir, carefully storing the accumulated tips and forwarding them periodically to the society to sell and buy clothes and shoes for the poor withal. The tiny apparatus sent me from Stockholm bears the inscription, in Swedish, "För fattigabarn"—for poor children—but the courteous sender tells me that the machine is of foreign manufacture.

It may be that, in describing this small engine, I am only carrying coals to Newcastle, and crying *midi à quatorze heures*. It is not at all unlikely that the machine has been patented and registered in England or the United States, or that it is on sale in one of the wonderful emporia of "fancy" articles in Bond-street or Piccadilly. But if the thing is not known at home, I say that it would be a good and righteous enterprise to found a "Cigar-tip Saving Society." A dozen noblemen and gentlemen well known in the world of the clubs could launch the scheme in a fortnight. My miniature guillotine is at work, and I have begun to hoard my cigar-tips already.

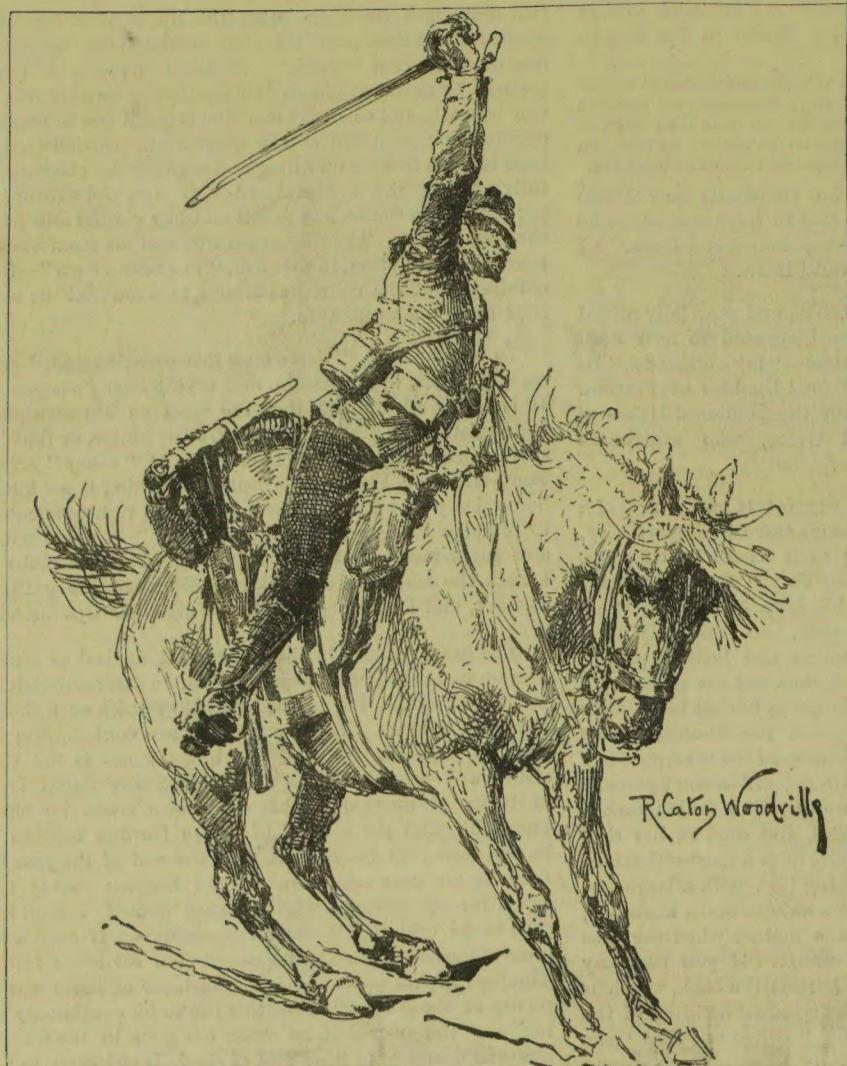
The gravest count in the indictment against us smokers is that we are brutally and meanly selfish. In sheer self-indulgence we puff away in a few minutes sixpennyworth or a shilling's-worth of tobacco. To be sure, we are contributing to the Imperial Revenue by so doing, but our act is not the less selfish and wasteful. The habitual smoker might lay some modicum of unction to his conscience could he have the knowledge that the morsels of choice Havana tobacco which he had stored up could be sold at the end of the year to buy raiment for poor children. If an English society already exists for the purpose which I have named, I shall be very glad to be told that I am an ignoramus. If such a society does not exist, it should be called into existence forthwith. The poor are *too* poor. It is the business of those who enjoy plenty of the good things of this life to be continually studying how the poor can be made *less* poor in the way of the material comforts of life; and anybody is at liberty to call me a bore, and a "sentimentalist," and a "gusher," and all the rest of it, when I insist that the organised hoarding of cigar-tips would result in a magnificent charitable outcome. Let it not be forgotten that, next to the Californians and the New Yorkers, we smoke the very finest cigars that Cuba (I wish that her first-rate crops were more frequent) can send us.

"C. E. B." (Burton-on-Trent) kindly helps me to understand why St. Barbara, the patroness of artillerymen and the guardian of places where gunpowder is stored (is not the powder magazine on board a French man-of-war always called "La Sainte Barbe"?) should also be invoked by miners and by foreign "navvies" who excavate railway tunnels. "St. Barbara," my correspondent observes, was "immured in a fortified tower." Possibly the tower was a circular one. "She is the patron saint of fortifications and of fire-arms, and invoked against all accidents arising from explosions of gunpowder." My correspondent also refers me to Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," Vol. II., pp. 499-500, for a notice of a suit of armour presented to our Henry VIII., and now in the Tower of London, on the plates of which harness is engraved the entire Legend of St. Barbara. I wonder whether she was invoked by Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot conspirators while engaged in their remarkable labours underneath the Houses of Parliament.

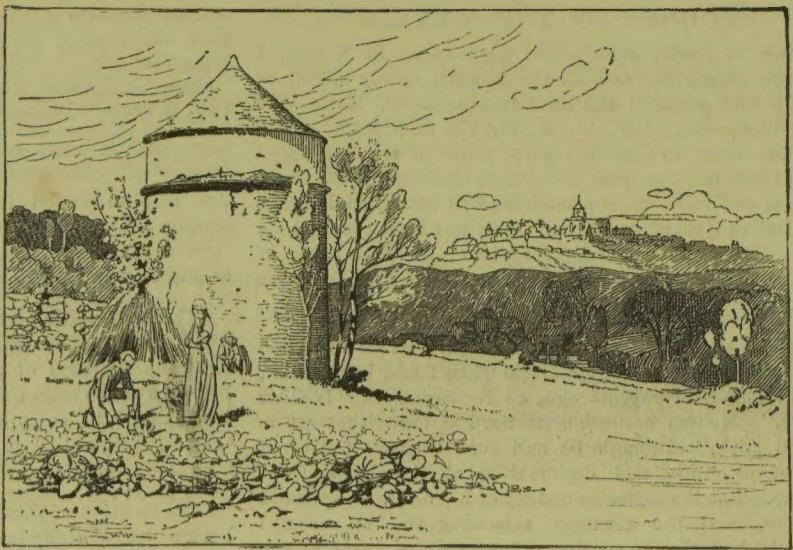
"Christmas being at hand," writes "A Constant Reader" (Southport), "I wish that you would wield your pen, and beg for a holiday for the letter-carriers on Christmas Day. I do feel so sorry for them, as that day brings them so much additional work. Surely no one would object to receive cards, &c., on Christmas Eve, and let there be no delivery on Christmas Day. . . . I fancy that if the suggestion was made to the Head of the Post Office he would, in his kindness of heart, grant the concession." Dear Madam, I fancy that if the suggestion were made to "the Head of the Post Office," that exalted functionary would reply that the concession asked for could not be granted, and that the general public are crying out for increased rather than for restricted postal facilities.

At the same time, I might be permitted to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman the Postmaster-General a humbly deferential question. On the day, in the middle of last November, when I left London for the Continent, I went into the Post-office at Charing-cross to buy some stamps; and I read, conspicuously placarded, as follows:—"Letter writing strictly forbidden. By order." The next day I was in Brussels, and I went to the Grande Poste to buy some stamps. The Brussels Post Office has its *habitat*, you are aware, in a disestablished church. In the centre of what was once the nave of the erst sacred edifice I found a long table with a row of chairs at either side, giving accommodation to some eighteen persons of both sexes, belonging chiefly to the working-classes, who were all busily employed in writing letters. They were the public, and for their convenience the State gave them the means of carrying on their private correspondence, providing them gratuitously with blotting pads, pens and ink; at the head of the table sat an official acting as an interpreter and a giver of general information. These arrangements struck me as being in a very high degree sensible and considerate. On the other hand, the London "Letter writing strictly forbidden. By order" struck me as a simply imbecile ukase; its stupidity being enhanced by the circumstance that in the area of the Charing-cross Post Office I saw a vacant space which might well have accommodated, say, eight letter writers. What is the poor man to do when he has to write and post a letter in a hurry? Is he to seek for a desk at the bar of the nearest gin-shop?

G. A. S.



IN THE NICK OF TIME. BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



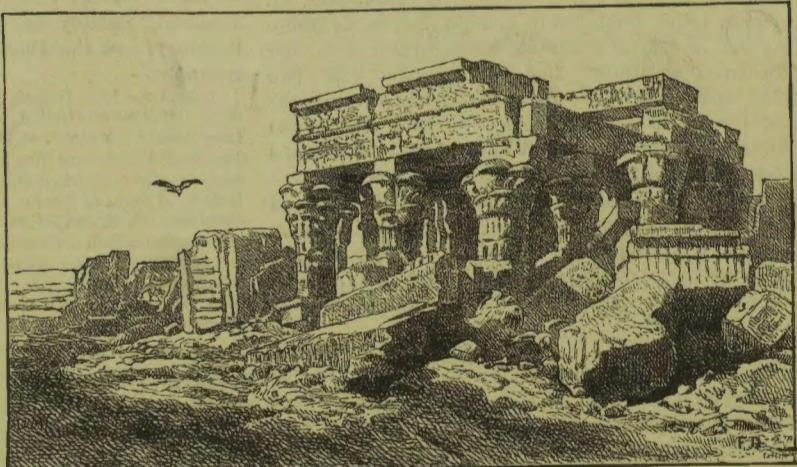
NEAR AVALLON, YONNE. BY W. BRIGHT MORRIS.



CHAPEL OF THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS. BY W. SIMPSON.



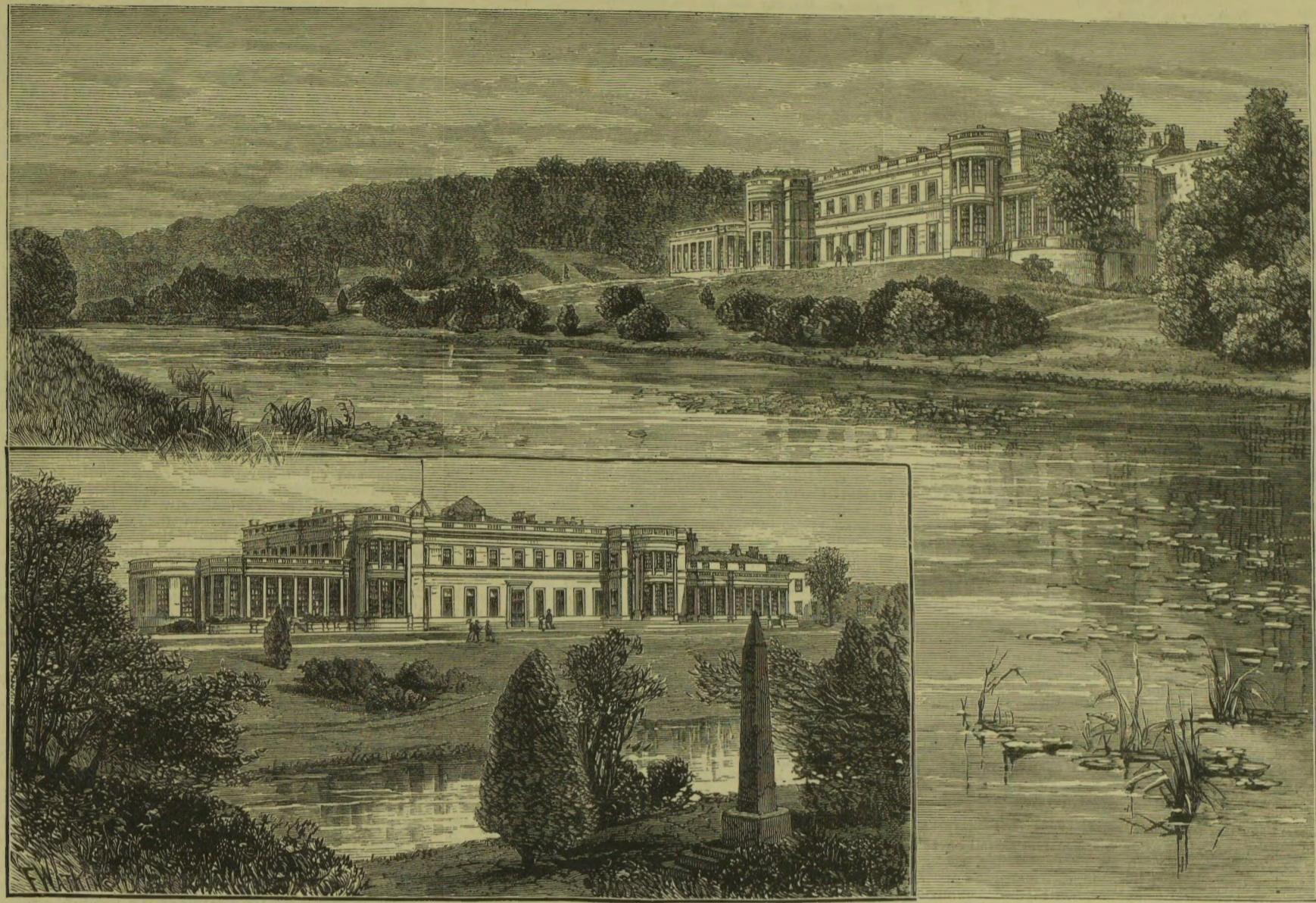
SWEET SEVENTEEN. BY J. PETTIE, R.A.



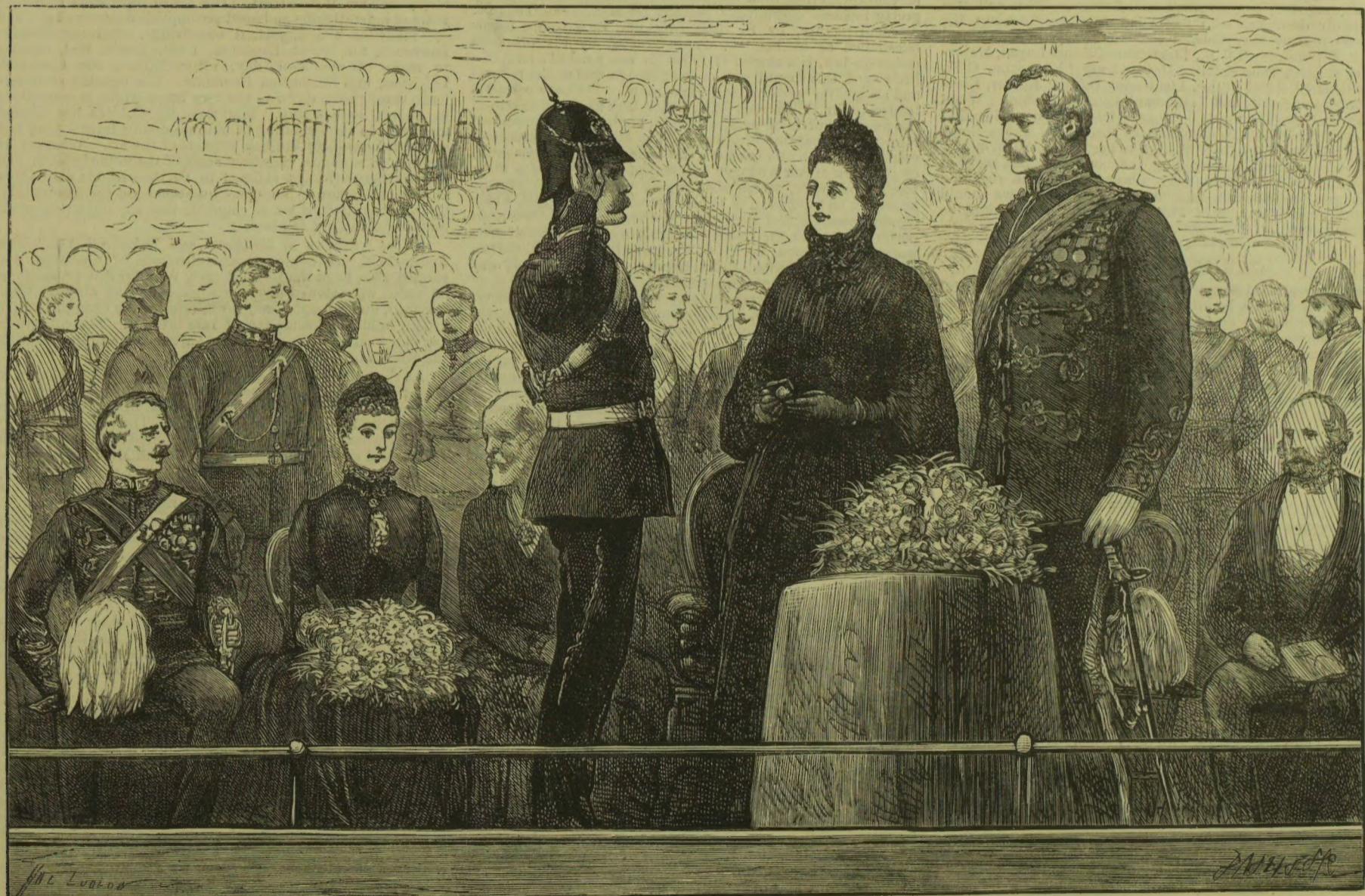
TEMPLE OF KOM OMBOS, UPPER EGYPT. BY FRANK DILLON.



THE MOTHER. BY A. HACKER.



WYNYARD PARK, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



PRIZE DISTRIBUTION TO THE SECOND VOLUNTEER BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!"

With the winter day breaking,
Red, sullen, and slow,
Our Baby is waking,
His bright cheeks aglow—
He will catch Santa Claus as he comes (with his gifts, down
the chimney, you know),

Now the road's hard and ringing,
The flowers have flown,
And no birds are singing,
And Robin's alone,
We need voices and laughter of children, for the dark and the
chill to atone.

And what smile could be brighter
Than Baby's sweet scorn
As day glimmers lighter,
And clear in the morn
He sees Santa Claus is mamma, and knows how doll-baby
was born!

Ah, my Boy! your sweet laughter
Will lighten the day;
No gloom of hereafter
O'ershadows your play:
You are wiser than we in your mirth—oh, my darling, be glad
while you may!

EDWARD ROSE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WYNYARD PARK.

Wynyard Park, near Stockton-on-Tees, a stately mansion beautifully placed on the banks of the river, is the residence of the Marquis of Londonderry, visited this week by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. They arrived on Monday afternoon, to stay until Friday, and their special train was met, at Thorpe Thewes, by the Marquis of Londonderry and Viscount Castlereagh, by whom they were escorted to their carriage. On leaving the station the carriages proceeded down the railway company's road to the main highway, along which they drove, entering Wynyard Park by the golden gate shortly before five o'clock. There are fifteen acres of covert in the park, and the stock of pheasants is said to be very large. Among the party invited to Wynyard are Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Henry Vane Tempest, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Lady Aline Vane Tempest, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Count Herbert Von Bismarck, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Ribblesdale, the Earl of Fife, and Colonel the Hon. O. Montague. Our Views of Wynyard Park are from photographs by Mr. Paul Stabler, of Sunderland.

VOLUNTEER PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Our Illustration shows the scene in St. James's Hall on the evening of Wednesday week, when Lady Wolseley, accompanied by her distinguished husband, distributed the prizes, for shooting, to successful competitors in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion attached to the Royal Fusiliers, of which General Lord Wolseley is the honorary Colonel. The battalion is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Routledge, and has attained a high degree of military efficiency; the return for the last five years showing that in 1878 and 1879 there were only seventeen non-efficients out of a total strength of 784 and 788; and in the two following years there were only two non-efficients out of a total strength of 864; but in the present year every officer and man of the regiment, numbering 804, are returned as efficient. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and banners. Among the officers present were Colonel the Hon. P. Methuen, Colonel Sir R. Wilbraham, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Logan, Major-General Kent, Colonel Clive, Major-General Elkington, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel Keyser, Lieutenant-Colonel Alt, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bushby. When Lady Wolseley had finished the graceful ceremony of handing the prizes, Colonel Wilbraham, as the oldest of the Royal Fusiliers, moved a vote of thanks to her, and Lord Wolseley replied in a speech commanding the bond of union between the Army and the Volunteers, whose progress he regarded with great satisfaction, believing that some day we should have a terrible war, with which the Army alone might be unable to cope.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Our Colour-printed Supplement this week displays a beautiful set of floral designs, by Miss Clarke, which may be cut from the page to be sent as Christmas and New-Year's Day Cards for the purpose of a friendly greeting, agreeably to the pleasant custom of the time. We feel sure that the work of the fair artist will be generally admired; and the printers, Messrs. Leighton Brothers, have also been successful in rendering the bright hues of the flowers with full effect, but with perfect fidelity to nature. These Cards will be an acceptable gift to many of our readers, and from them, perhaps, to some of their acquaintance, who must allow us to wish them all, upon the present occasion, the very best compliments of the season, a Happy Christmas, and a Happy New Year!

Mr. Lance Calkin has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

Major Henry Mapleson, 4th Lancashire Artillery Corps, has been gazetted Colonel 10th Auxiliary Artillery Corps (Shropshire and Staffordshire), Lancashire Division, Royal Artillery.

The fourth annual exhibition of home-made and other toys (set on foot by the editor of the *Truth* newspaper) for distribution amongst the children at the London hospitals and workhouses was held on Wednesday and Thursday at Limmer's Hotel. The editor of *Truth* received anonymously last week 5000 new sixpences, with a request that they should be distributed at Christmas among the 5000 children in the London hospitals and workhouses, with the toys subscribed for by the readers of that paper.

The eighty-fifth yearly edition of the "Post Office London Directory" has been published by Messrs. Kelly and Co., of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. We observe that its corrections, to agree with the actual state of personal affairs, come down to the first week of December; and the accuracy and completeness of its information cannot be doubted. The range of localities it comprises, from Kensington and Chelsea, on the west side, to Bow, Blackwall, and Cubitt Town, eastward, and from Highbury and Holloway, in North London, to Kennington, Walworth, and Deptford, in the south, includes nearly all places of business. There is a separate volume, the London Suburban Directory, for residences beyond these limits. The mere list of names and abodes of the middle-class population of this vast metropolis is a wondrous collection.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

We last week offered a few preliminary remarks on the excellence of the exhibition of oil paintings that opened to the public on Monday last, in the handsome new rooms, in Piccadilly, of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Already it seems evident that the winter exhibitions now so successfully initiated will be second only in their standard of quality to the great spring show opposite, at Burlington House. This new Institute is composed, as might be expected, mainly of the members of the old Water Colour Institute (so many of whom are more distinguished as oil painters); and it has been largely recruited by former members of the Dudley Gallery. But the provenance of the new society matters little; for it is anything but a narrow clique, and, like the parent Water Colour Institute, it has opened its doors to all comers. Among its contributors are a few of the leading members of the Royal Academy; but its chief characteristic is its broad exemplification of the average ability of our school, though the works are mostly only of cabinet dimensions, and, naturally, of less importance than those reserved for the principal exhibition of the year. To review in detail all the contributions of merit and promise would take us far beyond our limits, but since many pictures are not fully representative of their respective painters, it will be more profitable to give preferential notice to the productions of less known artists, and those presenting some novelty of treatment.

The first work that arrests attention is "Black Diamonds" (4), one of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's Thames scenes, remarkable for the perspective of coal-barges, drawn by a steam-tug, and for its vigorous, direct actuality, that has yet much pathos. A. Severn's "Waves Breaking by Moonlight" (9) evinces poetical perception, but the technique is comparatively inferior. "Her Last Moorings" (34), by G. E. Johnson, presents (as in Turner's famous picture) the hull of a condemned vessel against a sunset sky, but the painter halts between poetic impressiveness on the one hand and prosaic verisimilitude on the other. Mr. Walter Crane's graceful decorative intention is always recognisable, but his "Beauty Bathing" (58) betrays terrible shortcomings in its figure draughtsmanship. Compare with this the exquisitely drawn figure in No. 605, by E. Barclay, who has other works here marked by much refinement. Otto Weber's large picture with horses (70) has a tameness of which the able painter should be cautioned. H. J. Stock's serious aims cannot blind one to the fact that again he takes the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous in "The Aspiration of a Soul while Listening to Music" (78). The man in contortions on a sofa, the girl at an organ, and the nude figure in a Blake-like sort of aureola of flames is a jumble of the real and fanciful that misses the connecting link of imagination, and certainly does not worthily illustrate the quoted lines of Shelley. "The Mother" (91), a cottage interior subject, by A. Hacker, is very natural and telling, but lacks delicacy, and is blackish in colour. P. R. Morris's "Blue Girl" (101), one of the artist's numerous pictorial progeny of babies, is delightfully infantine and very skilful, though slight in handling. A very happy accessory is that of the rabbit peeping from a neighbouring hole, with eyes as wide open and wondering as those of the Blue Girl. No. 104, fisher-boys in a boat pulling out to meet the returning fleet of smacks—the best of Hamilton Macallum's contributions—almost attains his usual felicity in rendering a sunny twinkling sea. F. Topham's "Foraging in Piazza Garibaldi, Bergamo" (109), Italian soldiers taking provisions to barracks, is animated and picturesque. "Promising Youngsters" (130), by Tom Lloyd, is bright and pleasing; but there is a certain easy assurance in the execution that tends towards vulgarity. "A Bible Lesson" (196), an old dame explaining the subjects of the Dutch tiles of a fireplace to her little grandchild, is a pretty incident charmingly painted by Mrs. Alma Tadema. A small picture, by E. Blair Leighton, of a young fellow questioned as to his "Prospects" (210) by his proposed father-in-law, is a marvel of finish in every detail; and if a little hard, this should not prevent recognition of the natural and suggestive gestures and expressions. We have passed a landscape by A. Parsons (122), which may be taken as one of the most complete of many examples here of that more direct reference to nature—if often only to the general aspect or relations of tone of a narrow scene—which characterises much of the work of our younger landscapists. French and other foreign influence, which also largely prevails, may likewise be said to be typified in G. Clausen's rustic figures (161), which closely resemble the manner of Bastien Lepage. We must perforce leave to the visitor's appreciation other interesting works in this room by W. C. Symons, B. Barber, S. Carter, E. A. Fahey, F. Dillon, Colin Hunter, C. J. Staniland, and some of those we engraved last week.

Entering the Central Gallery, we pause before a clever Oriental subject (226), à la Gérôme, by F. A. Bridgeman, the American painter. Next to it is the first of three small studies by E. J. Gregory—"Caterpillars"—a child tending vegetable marrow on a roof. It is clever, of course, but has an element of oddness that this versatile and often exquisite painter sometimes seems to affect. His "Rough Water on the Medway" (522), further on, is decidedly preferable. "Silvia" (235), by Marcus Stone, is perhaps the sweetest of several able studies of heads. No. 260 is one of two Low Countries' interiors by Walter Wilson, excellent in tone and colour, and indicating a distinct technical advance. Close by is a "Study of a Head," by Van Haanen, the ablest of the group of artists who have established themselves at Venice, and who, we perceive, has become a member of this Institute. But scarcely in drawing or colour is this head what might be expected from the artist's Academy successes. A female costume study (304) by the President, J. D. Linton, has the painter's usual thoroughness, though the perspective of the eyes needs revision. Mr. Yeend King's "Lovers" (308) is noticeable for the effect of sky. "Fishing" (316) is a small but brilliant example by J. W. Waterhouse, whose "Honorius" attracted so much attention in the last Academy exhibition. A group of ladies with dogs (329), by R. W. Macbeth, is very graceful in feeling, though rather thin in execution. J. Fulleylove's oil paintings of Versailles are a remarkable advance on his water colours, good as these were. Maria Moccatta's picture of game (346) is a good example of still-life. Seymour Lucas has done nothing with more assured skill than "A Suspicious Guest at the Mermaid" (389). All the figures are capitally characterised, though the principal one is evidently intended to be taken as a broken-down gentleman—a gambler, say, driven to desperation, rather than a professional footpad.

With mention of M. Fantin's portrait of himself, and Mr. Hodgson's "East and West" (441), which we engraved last week, we arrive at the gem of the whole collection; the "Well-known Footsteps" (446), by Alma Tadema, a Roman lady listening to the approach of her lover, who bears a nose-gay of roses. The rendering of the effect of sunlight through the half-open door of the lady's chamber, is a *tour de force* of subtle relations of light and colour-hues and tones, on marble steps and statue, tiger-skin and draperies, that even Mr. Tadema has seldom equalled in technical perfection. Next

to this is another gem by H. Woods, representing the busy scene, so full of colour, on the steps of the Rialto, Venice. The combined delicacy and precision of execution on this small scale is a thing hitherto almost unknown in English art. After these the eye is hardly prepared for the bravura and slight modelling of Mr. Pettie's "Sweet Seventeen" (474). Nor does Mr. Briton Rivière's execution appear to advantage in "Treasure Trove" (503), though dog nature could hardly be hit off better: a disreputable-looking snarling cur is making off with a bone, watched by other dogs. A girl seated knitting in a window-seat (508) is a picture of much promise, by F. D. Millet, a young American painter. There are besides in this room works deserving attention, but upon which we cannot dwell, by Messrs. Frank Walton, Heywood Hardy, W. Small, W. W. May, H. Moore, W. Simpson, J. Orrock, R. Caldecott, and other well-known painters, besides works of promise by artists rising into public favour, such as A. Stokes, W. H. Jobbins, S. Paget, F. Dicey, W. Bright Morris, and Cyrus Johnson.

The Third or East Gallery also contains several pictures of interest, but we must still further curtail our remarks. "The Bible Lesson" (520), by F. G. Cotman, is a cottage interior subject, carefully and well painted. The large landscape by J. Syer (537), despite its conventionalism, shows a sense of pictorial exigencies too much neglected by our younger race of artists. A lifesize figure of a girl carrying food and drink to haymakers (599), by T. Graham, is pleasing, but will not bear severe criticism. E. Hayes appears at his best in "Storm Clearing Off" (604). "Klea" (611), from Herr Ebor's novel of "The Sisters," is a good average example of Mr. Long's half-length female studies. R. Caton Woodville has almost surpassed himself in his extraordinarily vigorous spirited picture of English Dragoons cutting down Egyptian soldiers whom they have surprised in an attempt to blow up a bridge and cut telegraph wires. No. 701, representing an old countryman musing over a black-bordered letter, is interesting as showing Mr. W. Langley to almost equal advantage in oil as in the water colours which have lately brought him into notice. We must be content with simple mention of Keeley Halswell's "Opening Day" (678), engraved last week; Haynes Williams' scene of French gallantry (714); "The Letter of Introduction" (748), by S. E. Waller; "The Edge of the Common," by J. Aumonier; "Home Shadows" (760), a cottage scene of humble pathos, by J. Burr; "Resting" (782), by F. Dicey; "A Visit from Rome" (785), a cardinal with monks in an orchard, by W. Dendy Sadler; and "The Greeting" (793), by E. A. Waterlow; together with works by Messrs. McWhirter, L. P. Smythe, and J. White, in this room.

A few of the sketches, furnished by the artists themselves, which are given in the Illustrated Catalogue of this Exhibition, appeared in our paper last week. Those now presented to our readers include a portion of Mr. Woodville's "In the Nick of Time," Mr. Pettie's "Sweet Seventeen," Mr. Frank Dillon's "Temple of Kom Ombo, Upper Egypt," Mr. C. Earle's view of the "San Giovanni e San Paolo Gardens" at Rome, and Mr. W. Simpson's interior of the "Chapel of the Invention of the Cross." The last-mentioned, we may observe, is a celebrated shrine at Jerusalem, adjacent to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is supposed to be the precise site where the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, discovered the remains of the identical cross upon which our Saviour died. The supposed seat of the Empress is shown to the right; and through the opening above are seen the pillars of the Byzantine Church of St. Helena. Mr. Simpson has another picture in this Exhibition, "The Manger at Bethlehem."

T. J. G.

A collection of about ninety of the mezzotints of the veteran Samuel Cousins is on view at the Fine-Art Society's rooms in New Bond-street. The series represents over fifty years of indefatigable and most accomplished labour. Included are many of the important engravings, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Edwin Landseer, Faed, Leslie, and, coming to those of our own day, after Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The equality of excellence throughout, down to the very latest works, is marvellous in an art so exacting. Doubtless, Mr. Cousins has carried mezzotint in the rendering of minute details farther than any of the famous early English masters of the art. Whether he has not, in so doing, sacrificed some of the noble breadth and massive suggestiveness claimed to be the greatest distinction of mezzotint, may be an open question; yet the results Mr. Cousins has attained are so exquisite that any objection seems ungrateful and out of place.

At the "Studies of Mediæval and Industrial Art," New Bond-street, are being shown collections of tapestries and stained glass from the Royal Works, Windsor (the productions of which we reviewed not long since); and of antique wood carvings, and wrought-iron work, most of the examples are of artistic value, and some are of rare interest. The collections are well worth a visit, though we have not space to give them the attention they deserve.

At the gallery of Mr. Arthur Lucas, the print publisher, of New Bond-street, may be seen a series of forty water-colour drawings of the scenery of the Trossachs, illustrative of "The Lady of the Lake," by Mr. David Law. The romantic scenery of this favourite tourists' land is rendered with sympathetic feeling and considerable power; and from Mr. Law's reputation as an etcher as well as painter, we may augur favourably of the promised reproduction by the artist of ten of the subjects as etchings—to be published during the ensuing year.

A first-rate example of the photo-gravure process has been issued by Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, of 133, New Bond-street, entitled "The Dancing-Master's Pay Day," by Signor F. Andreotti. It is from the picture exhibited in Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery last year, and is the most successful reproduction we have seen.

A Christmas Carol, written by Martin Luther in 1540 for his little son Hans, has been set to music for three female voices by Sir George Macfarren, and has been issued as a Christmas Card by Messrs. C. Goodall and Son.

Messrs. Charles Lee and Co., of Milton-street, City, send a few specimens of Christmas and New-Year cards published by them. This young firm is making laudable efforts to push to the fore with their productions, but why so late in sending?

The *Gazette* of yesterday week contained the Queen's proclamation proroguing Parliament to Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1884, when "the said Parliament shall assemble for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs." The Convocations of the Provinces of Canterbury and York are prorogued to Feb. 6.

The Oxford Convocation has, by a very large majority, refused to confirm the appointment of Mr. Horton to be an Examiner in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion. The names of the Rev. W. M. Pope, of Worcester College, and of the Rev. Robert F. Horton, of New College, were on the 13th inst. submitted to the Convocation of the University of Oxford as Public Examiners. Mr. Pope was elected by 556 votes as against 155 given to Mr. Horton.

THE RECESS.

Who would be a Premier? The conditions of public life in England are darkly changed when the Prime Minister has not only during the Parliamentary Session to be guarded by a detective on his way to and from the House of Commons, but in what should be the quiet and seclusion of his country seat has to be vigilantly protected by the police authorities. General indignation was naturally aroused by the intelligence that on Monday night fresh contingents of Flintshire police had to be dispatched to Hawarden Castle owing to the report that a band of Invincibles had arrived from New York either to rescue O'Donnell or to be revenged for his death, and it was feared that they would strike at the Prime Minister. As it happened, Mr. Gladstone passed the night at the neighbouring seat of Loughton Hall as guest of Mr. Banks; but on Tuesday took his accustomed exercise in Hawarden Park.

Even in the nitro-glycerine period we are passing through, however, the Prime Minister finds some recompense for cheerfully bearing the supreme burdens of State. The week before Christmas is to close seasonably at Hawarden. On Saturday, Sir William Harcourt will, on behalf of the working men of Derby, have the pleasing duty of presenting to Mr. Gladstone a handsome gift, consisting of a specially-designed dessert service of the best Derby crown china, beautifully embellished with views of the Peak scenery in Derbyshire, painted by Count Holtzendorf.

That the Conservative Party still hold the name of the late Lord Beaconsfield as one to "conjure with" is clear from the recent formation of a "Primrose League," and the warm tone of veneration in which the high qualities of the late Premier were lauded at the unveiling of Mr. C. B. Birch's fine statue of the noble Earl opposite St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on the 14th inst. Sir Richard Cross (whose business-like capacity Lord Beaconsfield was quick to discern) was the orator of the occasion. The speech of the ex-Home Secretary after the ceremony of unveiling was in the best of taste. Polemics were left by Sir Richard Cross for dessert at the opening dinner of the new Conservative Club in the evening, when the right hon. gentleman failed not, with characteristic sharpness, to deprecate Mr. Chamberlain's threat with respect to the disestablishment of the Church, and was prompt to condemn Ministerial policy generally. Irish remedial measures were a failure; and concession to agitation was a mistake. Extension of the County Franchise to Ireland would be a further blunder. It behoved the public closely to watch the action of the Government in Egypt and the Transvaal. And as for Sir Richard himself, he avowed he was proud "to fight" under Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, who were as leaders "united in every form and way," and would be prompt when the time came to "strike, and strike home."

The clear flow of Mr. Bright's silvery eloquence has given pleasure to hospitable gatherings in Yorkshire. Some few of the right hon. gentleman's addresses have been inadequately reported, through an insufficiency of telegraph service to out-of-the-way corners. The necessity of passing the County Franchise measure next Session was the burden of a lengthy speech the right hon. gentleman made on the 14th inst. in acknowledging a cordial address of welcome from the "Keighley Liberal Hundred." With Mr. Childers, Mr. Bright next became the guest of Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth at Gawthorpe Hall, near Burnley; and on Monday both statesmen spoke pretty nearly to the same effect at a dinner given by their host in their honour. On Tuesday (the birthday of Sir Ughtred) the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Bright further aired their oratory by addressing a considerable gathering of working men outside Gawthorpe Hall.

In London, the chief political occurrence has been the unveiling of a statue of Mr. Gladstone by Earl Granville at the City Liberal Club (referred to in another column); but the meetings of Mr. Firth's Municipal Reform League and the Lord Mayor's stout defence of the City Corporation have not been without interest.

The fraternal relations which in a political sense subsist between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke have brought them together in Birmingham. On Monday, both Radical Ministers addressed a meeting of the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club on the coming Franchise Bill, Sir Charles declaring that he, for one, did not see why a Redistribution of Seats Bill should not be passed next year as well.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson the same evening, at Workington, said that in his opinion the Reform Bill should deal equally with the whole of the United Kingdom.

When a politician has the honour of being reported verbatim in the *Times*, it may be fairly assumed he is in the front rank of public speakers. This honour was accorded to the lively guerrilla speech which Lord Randolph Churchill made in Edinburgh on Tuesday, and in which the dashing young leader of the "Fourth Party" dealt out unqualified censure to the Gladstone Administration, and all their works.

The Marquis of Lorne, preserving the impartial tenor of his way, on Tuesday gave sage advice on emigration in return for being presented with the freedom of the City of Glasgow. The late Governor-General of Canada warmly recommended Canada as an emigration-field.

A Civil List pension of £100 has been conferred upon the Rev. C. Cuthbert Southey, the only son of the poet, and the author of a life of his father, published in 1850.

On Tuesday the Marquis of Lorne was presented, in the City Hall, Glasgow, with the freedom of the city, in the presence of a crowded and fashionable assembly.

At noon on Tuesday the clock outside the New Law Courts was for the first time set in motion. The huge bells, in chiming the quarters and striking the hour, are of good tone and power. The face of the clock is illuminated at night.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's diverting entertainment, at St. George's Hall, is continually being freshened by novelties. A new musical piece by Mr. Arthur Law and Mr. A. J. Caldicott was introduced on Monday into the programme under the title of "A Moss Rose Rent." The scene of the story is a gipsy encampment, and the somewhat enigmatical title of the piece refers to the tenure by which a young gentleman is possessed of certain property, from which, as well as from the affections of his lady love, a rascally guardian schemes to oust him, with gipsy help. Hence, a complication in which Mr. Alfred Reed and Miss Fanny Holland figure as gypsies, Mr. Corney Grain as an elderly baronet of villainous and at the same time amorous tendencies, and Mr. North Home and Miss Marion Wardroper as youthful lovers. Furnished with novel "character parts," and set to good music, the piece satisfies all the requirements of a St. George's Hall audience. Mr. Corney Grain's musical sketch, "On the Thames," and Messrs. Arnold Felix and George Gear's musical piece, "A Water Cure," complete the entertainment.—This (Saturday) evening Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, "Master Tommy's School," will be added to the other attractions.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 18.
The week's budget of events is heavy; we have had new plays in profusion, new books in abundance, picture exhibitions, deaths, duels, scandals, calumnies, furious discussions in Parliament, and high words that may still end in blows. At the Grand Opéra, a new ballet, the scenario of which reminds one alternately of "Yedda," "Giselle," and "La Korrigane," has been produced with fair success. It is called "La Farandole," and the author of the music is M. Theodore Dubois, a professor at the Conservatoire, and a composer of promise. In one of the scenes of this ballet, the dancers appear with stars of electric light in their hair, each of them bearing a minute pile concealed in her coiffure. The Renaissance Theatre, which has been so unlucky of late, has at last scored a success with a new operetta, "Fanfreluche," with charming music by M. Gaston Sépette. But the two great events of the week have been the production of M. Zola's "Pot-Bouille" at the Ambigu, and of M. Georges Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" at the Gymnase. Both these pieces are dramatisations of successful novels, both are successes, and both are being warmly discussed. "Pot-Bouille" is a coarse and cynical picture of the vanity and corruption of French middle-class life—a picture which we will hope is a foul calumny. "Le Maître de Forges" is a conventional piece in every respect. Characters, plot, and *milieu* are all false: it is written in the style of M. Tont-le-Monde, which is no style at all; it contains nothing new, or original, or audacious, and consequently nobody is shocked or irritated. In short, M. Ohnet's piece is the triumph of mediocrity, and, as it is admirably acted, it will doubtless be a great success. At the Italian Opera "Marta" has been produced with a very fine cast—Mesdames Harris, Zagury, and Tremelli, the famous Viennese contralto; Edouard de Reszké, and a new tenor, Ravelli, whose exquisite voice will certainly make him famous.

The French Academy has lost this week two of its members—the historian Henri Martin and the poet Victor Laprade, the former aged seventy-three and the latter seventy-one. Henri Martin was a patriot, a Freethinker, a Republican, a senator, the successor of M. Thiers at the Academy, and the author of the most prolix and voluminous history of France that exists. The twenty volumes of the "Histoire de France" have their place in the book-cases of the numerous class who regard books as objects of furniture. M. Laprade, like Henri Martin, had very few readers, and he owed his seat in the Academy as much to his position as a social opponent of the Second Empire as to his mediocre poetic talent.

Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., *in partibus*, as a French journalist styles him, was entertained by the *Lanterne* on Thursday with a *punch d'honneur*.—The caricaturist André Gill has once more recovered his reason, and left, let us hope for good, the lunatic asylum where he has been for two years confined. An exhibition of his work is now open in the Galerie Vivienne; it is very curious as a caricature history of the Second Empire.—Victor Hugo published in the *Rappel* last week a letter to Queen Victoria protesting against the application of the penalty of death to O'Donnell.—Madame Julia A. Daudet, the talented wife of the novelist Alphonse Daudet, has just published a delicious little volume of feminine psychology called "L'Enfance d'une Parisienne" (1 vol., Charavay). This little book ought to be translated for the benefit of our English girls.—The great topic in serious circles is naturally the war with China, for obviously, in spite of verbal subterfuges, it is a case of war. The Cabinet does not appear to be entirely in harmony on the subject, for General Campenon, the War Minister, refuses all responsibility in the expedition, which he throws on to the shoulders of the Minister of Marine. The new credits demanded for the Tonquin campaign amount to twenty millions of francs. The debate on these credits took place this afternoon, and, after an animated debate, was carried by 312 votes to 180.

T. C.

King Alfonso opened the Spanish Cortes last Saturday afternoon. In his speech from the throne he referred to his recent journey abroad as having led on his return to a manifestation only possible when Monarch and people are united, which sufficiently compensated him for the excessive grief the late insurrection caused him. His Majesty afterwards referred to the visit of the Crown Prince of Germany, to the protocol signed with this country, and to the commercial negotiations with Portugal, Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, and the United States. In conclusion, he enumerated the various domestic reforms proposed, including the bill for the extension of the suffrage.

The German Crown Prince embarked at Barcelona on Saturday for Italy. He landed at Genoa on Sunday, and had a very cordial reception. On Monday morning the Prince arrived at Rome, and was met at the station by the King, his brother, and his son. The streets to the Quirinal were crowded with an enthusiastic populace, and the Royal family and their guests subsequently appeared on the balcony to bow their thanks. A state banquet in honour of the Prince was given at the Palace in the evening. On Tuesday the Crown Prince visited the Pope at the Vatican. A review of 20,000 men was held on Wednesday in the Farnesina Fields, in the presence of King Humbert and the Crown Prince, attended by a brilliant staff of officers.

The Austrian Emperor visited on the 13th inst. the autumn exhibition of the Hungarian Art Association in Pesth. His Majesty having expressed a wish that there should be no public reception, only the Minister of Education and the officials were present. After inspecting the collection, his Majesty bought four pictures painted by Hungarian artists. At his departure a large crowd which had collected cheered their Sovereign, who returned to Gödöllö. The return of their Majesties to Vienna took place last Saturday.—The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet resolved, on the 13th inst., to maintain its decision adopting the bill legalising marriages between Jews and Christians, and to bring this resolution before the notice of the Upper House. The sittings of the House were subsequently adjourned until Jan. 10.—The Croatian Diet was opened on Monday in Agram.—Police Commissioner Hlubeck has been shot dead, just after leaving a Socialist meeting at Floridsdorf, a suburb of Vienna.

The *Times* publishes a telegram from Khartoum, dated Sunday evening, which confirms the original story of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army. A telegram from Cairo on Tuesday stated that Baker Pasha had started for Souakin, and would reach Suez the same night. He will have the supreme civil and military command in all parts of the Sudan which may be reached by his forces. The Khedive wrote to Baker Pasha, on the eve of his departure, that the object of his expedition was to pacify the country; and his Highness enjoined him to use all conciliatory means before resorting to force.

We learn from Ottawa that the negotiations between Manitoba and the Dominion Government regarding the boundary question have been concluded, and that the matter will be referred to the Imperial Privy Council.

MUSIC.

The last Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concert of the year took place last week, when a Pianoforte Concerto, composed by M. A. Dupont (Professor at the Brussels Conservatoire), was performed for the first time in England. The work is in three movements, in each of which there are fluctuations of tempo that have rather a disturbing influence. It is, however, a production of considerable merit, with some very effective writing for the orchestra and the solo instrument. The "adagio" possesses much melodic charm, and the finale is very spirited and vigorous; with a distinctive individuality of style. The difficult pianoforte part was finely played by Madame Frickenhaus. Miss Thudichum and Herr Georg Ritter were the vocalists; the lady having been particularly successful in her delivery of the scene from "Der Freischütz," as was the gentleman in his rendering of the "Liebeslied" from Wagner's "Die Walküre." Other items call for no comment.

The concert of Madame Sainton-Dolby's vocal academy, given last week at the Princes' Hall—the last of a series of three—displayed the good effects of the instruction there afforded, in the meritorious performances of several lady students in a varied selection of pieces for solo voices and female chorus, interspersed with some clever violin playing by Miss W. Robinson, of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave its annual performance of "The Messiah," at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the principal vocalists were Misses Santley and A. Williams, Madame Fassett, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Brereton. An excellent band and a full chorus were engaged, and the performance was ably conducted by Mr. Randegger.

The concert given last Saturday evening at St. James's Hall by Madame Albani and Mr. Sims Reeves drew a numerous audience. Both these artists sang familiar pieces with their usual success; other effective vocal performances having been contributed by Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mr. B. Foote. Brilliant instrumental solos were contributed by Mr. Carrodus (violin) and M. De Pachmann (pianoforte), besides some pieces skilfully played by the select band of wind instruments entitled the "Anemoic Union."

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave its Christmas performance of "The Messiah" at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the solo vocalists announced having been Miss A. Williams, Madame Enriquez, Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. F. King—Mr. Charles Hallé being the conductor. Handel's sublime oratorio is to be given again at St. James's Hall on Christmas Eve, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins; and at the Royal Albert Hall by the choral society under the direction of Mr. Barnby, on the evening of New-Year's Day.

M. Henri Logé, the eminent pianist, gave a matinée at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Wednesday afternoon, when his programme comprised pieces in the classical and brilliant styles. At the same time, M. De Pachmann gave his second Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall, the selection of pieces having been of varied interest.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon, of which we must speak next week.

The Monday evening Popular Concerts closed for the year this week, and the afternoon performances associated with them will also be suspended from to-day (Saturday) until their resumption next year. On Jan. 7 the evening concerts will recommence; the afternoon performances being resumed on the following Saturday. The two closing concerts of this year presented nothing to call for special comment. Madame Norman-Néruda was the leading violinist, and M. De Pachmann the solo pianist. Mr. Santley was the vocalist on Monday, Miss Santley being announced for the afternoon performance.

At the Royal Academy of Music on Monday the Thalberg Scholarship was awarded to Arthur Dace, and the Potter Exhibition to George John Bennett.

The season of performances of operas in English at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr. T. H. Friend, will begin early in the new year, when a version of Victor Nessler's "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln" ("The Piper of Hamelin") will be produced. The work has already been successfully given in the provinces, the English text being by Mr. Henry Hersee.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

"They manage these things better in France." Somethings, we admit; but not the keeping of Christmas. A worthy Parisian, who does us the honour to be something of an Anglomane, has announced to his family that he will show them how to conduct the festivities of this season in the English fashion. He has sent out the *bonne*, the housemaid, for a load of holly and mistletoe, with which they decorate their apartment, and this is done with very good taste. But he has also procured from London—which sends the article to English families abroad—a ready-made Christmas pudding. This he delivers to his perplexed cook, who never saw one before. A friend of the family, a gallant young officer, is invited to share the domestic treat. M. the Lieutenant admires the winter greenery of the drawing-room; but, when a mischievous urchin puts a sprig of prickly holly upon the seat of his chair, he does not approve of the effect. It is some consolation to be made acquainted with the mystic use of mistletoe, which proves, in a certain case, decidedly agreeable. But it requires to be used with discretion; and the impudent page, who has taken an unfair advantage of the maid carrying a tray of glasses, has to pay for the damage. The aged single lady, Aunt Madeline, sitting apart with her favourite parrot, whispers to the bird, in strict confidence, that she wishes this faculty of the mistletoe had been known in France when she was young. It has not, apparently, come too late for M. the Lieutenant and Mademoiselle Eugénie, for it leads them to a happy engagement. But we must now see the whole party at the Christmas dinner-table, where the host is dissecting a tough goose, and the result of his difficult performance may occasion tacit differences of opinion. In the kitchen, meanwhile, Cook has been occupied with the English plum-pudding. She was told to boil it well, but nothing was said of putting it into a bag. It seemed rather too big for the largest of her saucepans; nevertheless, she has obeyed the orders of Monsieur. She thinks it very odd that the English should like furmyt soup after their meat. But here it is, served up in the tureen, with holly on the top of the cover, and with blazing brandy in the platter below. The astonishment of Monsieur, at this French translation of our plum-pudding, appeals to the sympathy of true British hearts. As he contemptuously ladles the half-liquid mass—hasty-pudding at the best—he vows never again to try such a culinary experiment—never again!

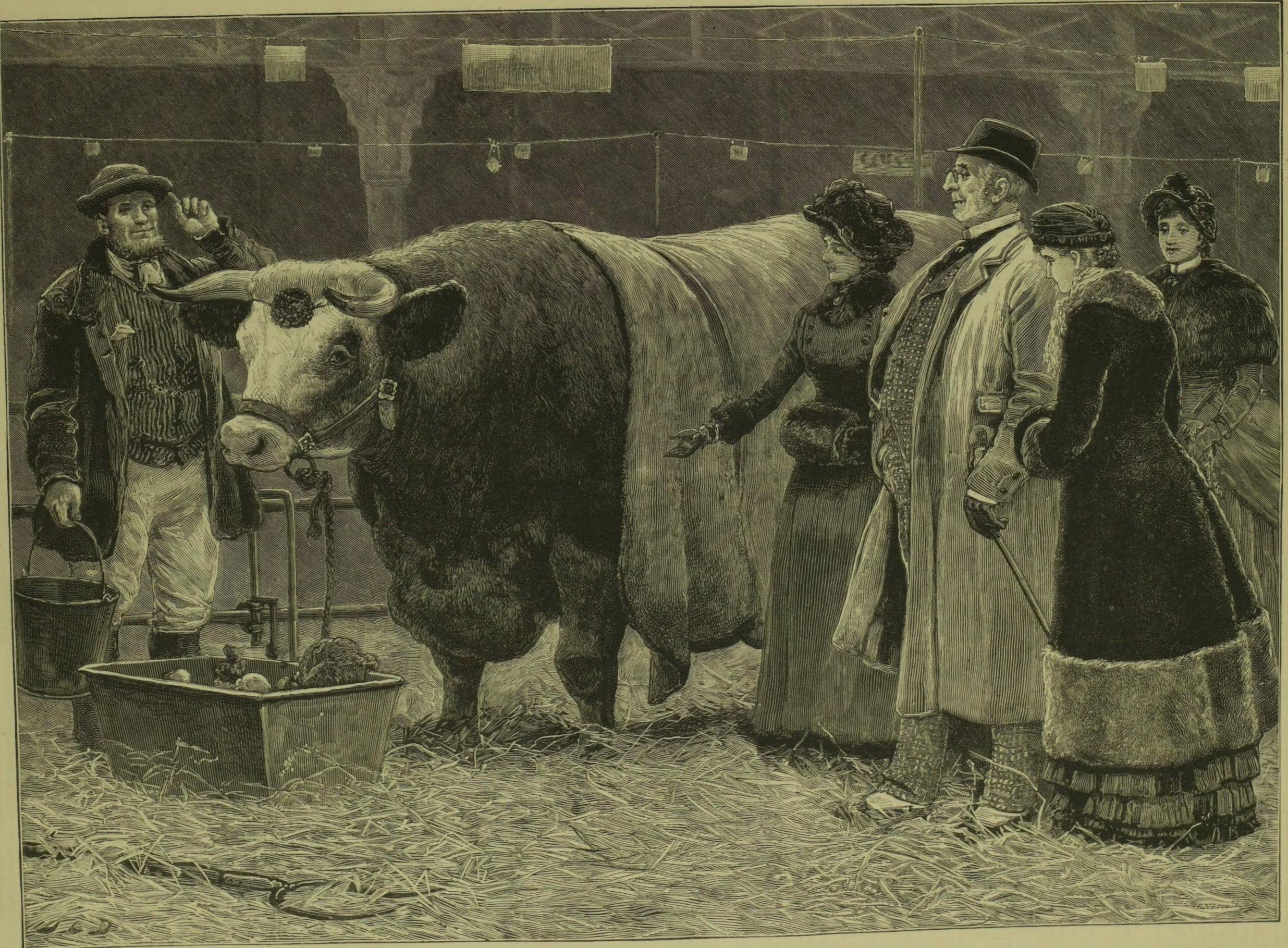
A valuable addition to the strength of the British Navy was made on Tuesday at Portsmouth, when the Impériale, 10-inch steel twin-screw armour-plated barbette-ship, after being named by Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was floated out of dock.



1. Monsieur decides on a Christmas à l'Anglaise.
5. She never saw one before!
9. Another English custom is explained to him.
12. For which he is chastised.
15. It has not come too late for some persons.
18. "As you ordered, Monsieur—*Potage à boudin*, with Holly on the top!"

2. The Bonne, sent to buy Holly and Mistletoe.
6. A Christmas Guest, Monsieur the Lieutenant.
10. And this he finds delightful.
13. Diversity of tastes at the Christmas dinner.
16. The Pudding—Monsieur says, I must boil it well.

3. Home Decorations.
7. Finds it *tout-à-fait charmant*.
11. So does the Page, but with a grievous result.
14. Aunt Madeline wishes Mistletoe had been imported forty or fifty years ago.
17. Soup after dinner! *Ces drôles, les Anglais!*
19. "But is this a Pudding? *Jamais, au grand jamais!* Never Again!"



THE PLEASURE OF SUCCESS.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19.

The Grand Trunk management never slumbers. Of that there are continued evidences. Just now, two pending steps are exciting the interest of the twenty-three thousand holders of the company's stocks, and the "market" no less displays its concern in what is in progress. The New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway is to be completed in a few weeks, and the Grand Trunk not only want such connections as the new system has to offer, but is regarded as being able to pay more for them than would be worth the while of the only possible rival. It is, therefore, taken for granted that not only will the two systems be at once physically connected, but that complete and exclusive working arrangements will be almost at once concluded. While engaged in these plans of absorption and extension, an opportunity is being seized to obtain the consent of the Canadian Parliament to a step much desired by certain of the stockholders—namely, the consolidation of the present long series of stocks into a fewer number, a plan which would have, it is presumed, for its most attractive feature the division in the Great Western shares of the title to the agreed minimum dividend from the title to an additional dividend. Formal notice has been given in Canada that a bill with this object will be submitted this Session. It is known that the Legislature and the people of Canada were opposed to the fusion of the two companies now known as the Grand Trunk Company, and there is yet a strong feeling on the subject, but it may almost be said that it rests with the Grand Trunk authorities to quiet down these opposing feelings, or to revive them into their fullest life. The Grand Trunk friends and advisers in Canada know this quite well, and they are not the men to miss their mark from want of perception or tact.

The further decline in nearly the whole range of securities quoted in New York has reawakened distrust in the investment character of the open stocks of American companies. Those who are at a distance are naturally disturbed by violent and frequent fluctuations, and it is on this account that American shares are avoided here, and that preference is given to bonds which not only carry a fixed rate of interest, but which are repayable at par at fixed dates. But in the case of Canadian Pacific shares the mischievous consequences of these frequent fluctuations are noticeable in a special degree. For purely financial reasons, the New York market was first cultivated by this company, and thus it has occurred that the price in New York is regarded as the standard to which London, Amsterdam, Paris, and Montreal should day by day adjust themselves. But the fact is that very little Canadian Pacific stock is now held in New York, or indeed in America at all, and it follows that as the holding decreases the market narrows, and fluctuations are the more easily made. A large number of firms and others in Europe concerned in the property are naturally impatient at this subordination to an unfriendly and little-interested market, and the feeling is growing that steps should be taken to make London the only other transfer office than that at Montreal. It is assumed that if this were done the chief business in the shares would soon be in London, and that then, as a matter of course, the market quotation here would become the standard, and that that quotation would be based upon the presumed value of the property represented, and not, as now in New York, being merely representative of speculative devices or speculative exigencies.

At the meeting of the Great Eastern stockholders the chairman seemed to quite refute the disparaging reports regarding the northern extensions. It was true that the Great Northern had taken back to their own line certain traffic, and that the Great Eastern, in self-defence, then did the same. But both companies were quite within their rights in so doing; and it was distinctly stated by the chairman that so considerable and growing was the own traffic of the joint lines that it was yielding at the rate of 5 per cent upon all the capital expended on them. If these general statements prove correct when the figures are known, no more can be said on this matter, for, with such a beginning, the future certainly must justify every reasonable expectation.

The Cape Government loan was for £4,837,500, and £6,500,000 was applied for at prices ranging from the minimum of £98 to £113. Tenders at and above £98 1s. receive allotments in full, and those at £98 0s. 6d. about 25 per cent; average price, £98 4s.

T. S.

THE PLEASURE OF SUCCESS.

Success, in every commendable endeavour, is always a pleasure; and the country gentleman who wisely bestows his personal attention, for years continuously, upon the breeding of fine stock, or upon any other sound agricultural improvement, deserves this pleasure as well as one who fights and wins a county election for the sake of his principles or his political party. It would be delightful to meet him, among the visitors to the Christmas Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, with his daughters, walking the round of the stalls, and stopping to contemplate their own noble contribution, the magnificent shorthorn steer, to which a first prize in its class has been justly awarded. The animal is thus entered in the Catalogue: "99. Exhibitor and Breeder, William Bland, Esq., Oakley Park, Oldbury, Middleshire. Sire, Duke of Wellington (56,345); dam, Queen of Sheba (83,432), by Cock Robin (47,523). Aged 2 years, 9 months, 3 weeks, and 4 days." It is a fact that the young ladies, who share their father's honourable enthusiasm for a most useful pursuit, are perfectly acquainted with the meaning of those mysterious figures of reference to the poll-book of bovine genealogy; and they understand all the points of merit in this stately beast, compared with others of the class. It is a proud day, too, for the trusty and sagacious hind who has brought the animal up to London, and who cheerfully greets his master here.

Orange and Parnellite gatherings, which were to have been held at Derry on Tuesday last, were both prohibited.

There were 2540 births and 1722 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 133, and the deaths 179, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The tastefully got-up photographic album, called "The Ceramic," briefly noticed in our last issue, is the production of Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co., of 83, Queen-street, Cheapside; a firm well known for its excellent Diaries.

Canon Barry, Metropolitan Designate of Australia, distributed the prizes on Tuesday night to the successful scholars of King's College School. This was his last appearance as Principal of the College. Among those present was Dr. Wace, the Principal-elect.

The *Preston Herald* announces that their late townsman, Mr. Richard Newsham, has left to the Corporation the whole of his valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, and bronzes. Ten years ago the pictures alone were valued at between £60,000 and £70,000.

THE COURT.

At her Majesty's latest council at Windsor Castle Sir John Savile Lumley was sworn in a member of the Council, and was presented to the Queen on his appointment as English Ambassador in Italy. Mr. Henry Nevill Dering was also presented on his appointment as Chargé-d'Affaires at Coburg. In the evening Prince and Princess Christian, Earl and Countess Sydney, the Marquis of Hartington, and Sir John Savile Lumley dined with her Majesty. The anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, which is also that of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, was observed, as usual, at Windsor yesterday (Friday) week, except that the religious service in the Royal Mausoleum was curtailed in consequence of the Queen's health. Her Majesty was accompanied at the short service, performed by the Dean of Windsor only, by Princesses Christian, Louise of Lorne, and Beatrice; but the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters had visited the Queen previously, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came to luncheon with her Majesty the next day. General Lord Wolseley and Lady Wolseley, Lieutenant-General Sir Edmund Whitmore, and General Sir Henry Ponsonby joined the Royal dinner circle the same evening. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Queen, Princess Louise of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice, the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Capel Cure officiating. The Dean and Mrs. Davidson dined with her Majesty, with Princesses Christian, Louise of Lorne, and Beatrice. Princess Louise returned to town on Monday. The Hon. Lady Biddulph and Mrs. F. I. Edwards joined the Queen at dinner. On Tuesday her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, with Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left for Osborne. Princess Beatrice came to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge before leaving Windsor. Mr. Cusins represented the Queen at the funeral of Signor Mario at Rome, and in her name placed a wreath of flowers upon the coffin.

The Prince of Wales presided last Saturday, at Marlborough House, over a meeting of her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian being present. His Royal Highness and the Princess were at the Haymarket Theatre in the evening. Their Royal Highnesses and their daughters attended Divine service on Sunday. The Duke of Braganza lunched at Marlborough House. The Prince went to the Victoria Station in the afternoon to take leave of the Duke of Edinburgh on his departure for Portsmouth to assume command of the Channel Squadron. On Monday his Royal Highness went to Waterloo station, and took leave of the Duke of Braganza on his return to Portugal. The Prince and Princess subsequently left on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Wynyard Park, Durham. Before leaving town the Prince passed a day shooting with the Attorney-General at Surrenden, Kent, and his Royal Highness and the Princess, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, inspected the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Princess's Theatre was visited by their Royal Highnesses, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke of Braganza dined at Marlborough House.

Vice-Admiral the Duke and the Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by Prince Alfred of Edinburgh and Prince Louis of Battenberg, arrived on Sunday at Government House, Portsmouth, where they passed the night, the guests of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Countess Dornberg. The next day the Duke rehoisted his flag in the Minotaur. The Duchess, accompanied by Prince Alfred, lunched on board going out to Spithead, where she took leave of her husband, and returned to Portsmouth in the Fire Queen; the Minotaur leaving for Vigo to join the Channel Squadron.

The Duke of Braganza embarked at Portsmouth on Monday in the transport Africa on his return to Lisbon.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Thursday next, the 27th inst.

The Old Drury-Lane Christmas Annual makes its welcome appearance again this year.

Mr. Cusins has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia, at Rome.

Mr. William Joseph English, solicitor, was on Monday appointed Coroner for Bath, in succession to his late father, who occupied the post forty-seven years.

A new set of seven bells has been erected in East Ardsley church, Yorkshire, one of which is dedicated to the Countess of Cardigan, the patroness of the living.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, which had been closed for a short time for repairs, has been reopened. The out-patient department has not been closed.

The Duke of Westminster has contributed £4000 towards the fund for the Chester Museum of Natural History and Archaeology. His Grace has promised to give £1000 towards the extinction of the debt on the new Chester King's School, conditional on an endeavour being made to extinguish the debt entirely. The Duchess of Westminster opened a German fair and bazaar at Overton, Flintshire, yesterday week, in aid of the schools of that village.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 29.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah xxx. 1—27; Rev. xi. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxix. or xxxiii. 2—23; Rev. xii. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m. (ordination), Rev. Canon Purse; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. F. C. Barker. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and

MONDAY, DEC. 24.

George I., King of Greece, born, 1845. County Courts closed for four days.

TUESDAY, DEC. 25.

Christmas Day.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah ix. 1—8; Luke ii. 1—15. Evening Lessons: Isaiah vii. 10—17; Titus iii. 4—9. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26.

St. Stephen, first Martyr. Bank Holiday.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27.

St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Alchemy (in Relation to Modern Science).

FRIDAY, DEC. 28.

Innocent's Day. Westminster Abbey, 3, Children's service, the Dean, Dr. Bradley. Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29.

New Moon, 1 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone b., 1809.

STATUE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

At Liverpool, yesterday week, the bronze statue of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, provided by a local public subscription, was unveiled in front of St. George's Hall. This important work of art, shown in our Illustration, does much credit to the sculptor, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A.; and the figure, face, and attitude of Lord Beaconsfield are well represented. The pedestal is of polished red granite, with ornamental bronze panels, bearing a wreath of bay intercrossed with branches of olive. The total height of the statue and pedestal is 23 ft. The granite used in the pedestal weighs eighteen tons, and the weight of the statue is about three tons. The total cost of the work is about 2200 guineas. The ceremony was performed by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross, M.P., accompanied by the Marquis of Waterford, the Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Thomas Holder), Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, and members of the Executive Committee. The Mayor of Liverpool accepted the charge of the statue on behalf of the municipality. There was a banquet afterwards at the Liverpool Conservative Club.

STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE.

The City Liberal Club, in Walbrook, has adorned its staircase hall with a fine statue, in white marble, of the Prime Minister and Leader of the Liberal Party. This statue was unveiled before Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a large company of members of the Club, on Thursday week; the ceremony was performed by Mr. Bertram Wodehouse Currie, President of the City Liberal Association; and speeches of a commendatory character were delivered in the library of the Club. The statue, for which about £1400 was subscribed by members, is the work of Mr. E. Onslow Ford. It represents Mr. Gladstone, in his ordinary dress, in the act of speaking to a great public meeting, as on Blackheath Common, or in his Mid Lothian campaign of 1879, or at the election of 1880. It is an excellent likeness, intensely characteristic and expressive, and an admirable work of the sculptor's art.

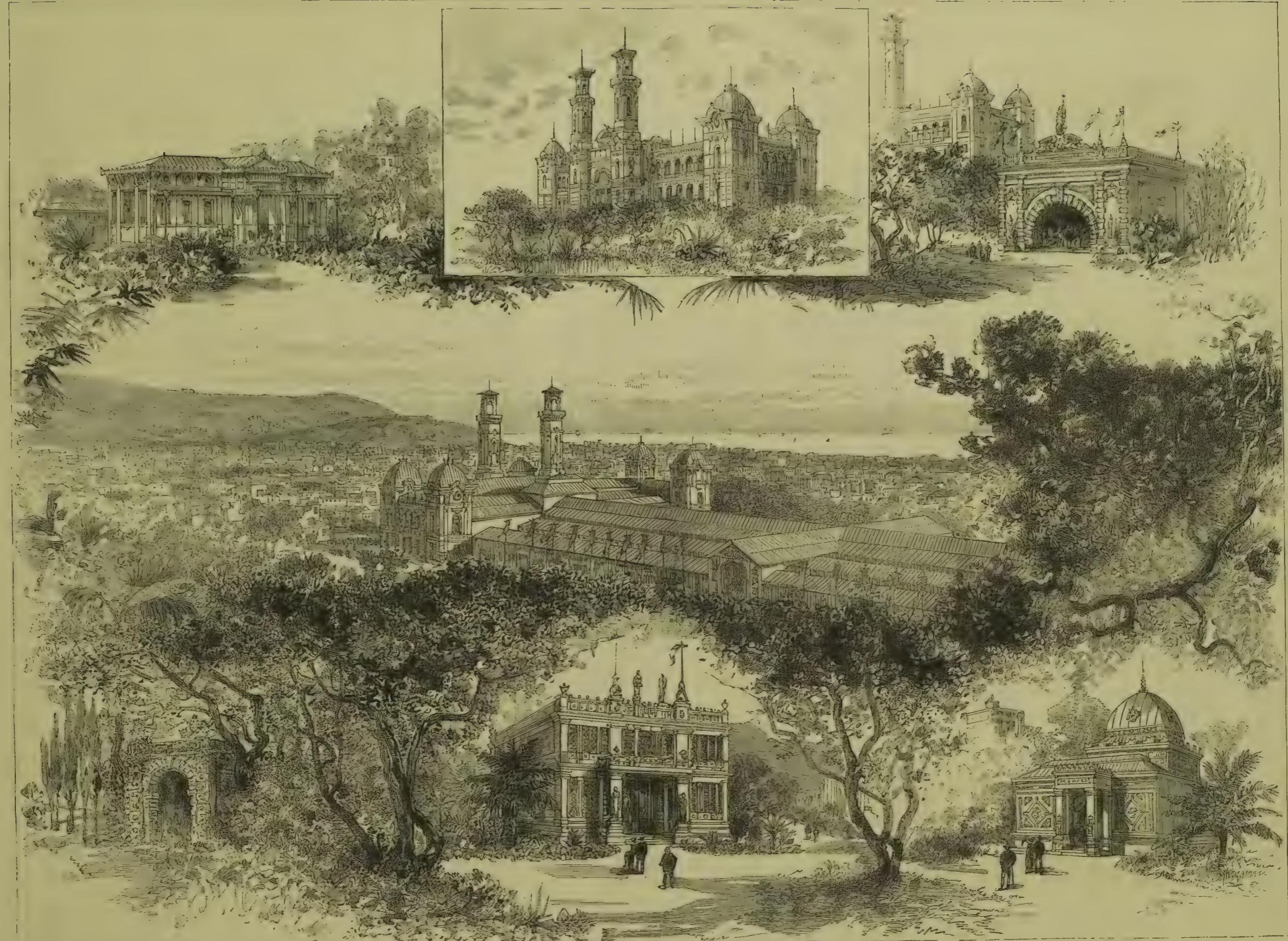
THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition at Calcutta, which was opened by the Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India, on the 4th inst., and was visited by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is situated on both sides of the Chorringhee-road, in the European quarter of that city. The portion to the right hand, on one side of the road, consists of the Indian Museum, which contains specimens of the antiquities, geology, and natural history of India. There is a new brick building on this side, in which is deposited, for the present, the collection of jewels of priceless value, borrowed from native chiefs and princes; but this building will hereafter be occupied by specimens of Indian economic products. There are also three rows of sheds, connected with the museum by a transept, two of them having a length of 150 yards, while the third is of less dimensions; these are of fair elevation, and the interior is whitewashed, with bands of colour along the walls and in the central part of the nave. Outside the south shed is a square tank, around which a garden wall has been made; with a stand for a band and a refreshment-saloon where Australian barmaids will attend. At one side of the tank, a cascade, worked by a turbine, presents an effective object of view. On the other side of the Chorringhee Road, a walled inclosure, built on the Maidan or Park of Calcutta, completes the grounds of the Exhibition. In this are situated the Indian section of exhibits, the machinery shed, a shed for military exhibits, and a diorama, besides refreshment-rooms for Europeans and natives, a bazaar where Indian articles may be bought, and other buildings. Another square tank in this portion of the exhibition supplies the water for the engine boilers in the machinery shed. The roads on each side of the inclosure are bordered with well-grown trees; and these have been included in it, with the addition of other ornamental trees and shrubs planted for the occasion, which make up an effective piece of landscape gardening. A plain girder bridge, with planked wooden sides, forms a communication between the two separate portions of the exhibition. The sheds behind the jewel-room are hidden by it and the trees in the next compound, in our Illustration; showing only the top of the Indian section building, which is more sightly than the others, both externally and internally. It consists of a central nave, about one hundred yards long, with two aisles; while outside these, and surrounding the building, is a broad verandah with a sloping roof. In the centre of the building is a transept, where a fountain will play, guarded by two figures of elephants, equipped with state howdahs and costly embroidered trappings. The exhibition at night is lit up with the electric light, and will be an attractive promenade. Mr. Joubert, the contractor, expects to realise a profit from it, but the Government of India will require the expenses incurred in preparing the Exhibition to be first defrayed by the receipts.

At Lord Bolton's rent audit recently held at Kingsclere, Hants, a reduction of 10 per cent was allowed to the tenants.

The "Trinummus" of Plautus has been performed by the Queen's Scholars at Westminster with that accuracy and finish for which the "Westminster Play" has long been famous.

Patrick O'Donnell, convicted at the recent session of the Central Criminal Court of the murder of James Carey, the Irish informer, on the high seas on July 29, was hanged on Monday morning within the walls of Newgate.—Joseph Poole, a Fenian, found guilty of the murder of John Kenny, in Dublin, about a year and a half ago, was hanged in Richmond Jail there on Tuesday morning.—In Dublin, on Saturday, Peter Wade was convicted of the murder of Patrick Quinn at Rathfarnham, county Dublin, and sentenced to death.—The prisoners charged with the murder of Mrs. Smythe were again brought up, the trial having been adjourned in consequence of the sudden illness of a juror. This juror was still unwell, and the trial was postponed to the next assizes.—In the course of his opening statement on Monday at the trial, at Cork Assizes, of seven "Invincibles" charged with the Mayo murder conspiracy, the Attorney-General for Ireland said it would be proved that the Irish National Land League contributed money for the assassination of certain persons. The trial had not closed at the time our early edition was put to press.—The ten men charged with conspiracy against the Crown, in connection with the dynamite explosion in Glasgow, were put on their trial on Monday, in the High Court of Justice, Edinburgh. The chief evidence was that of a man who had belonged to a secret society with the prisoners, had acted in collusion with them, and now exposed their tactics. The trial was proceeding when we went to press.—The menaces of the Irish "Invincibles," intended as reprisals for the execution of O'Donnell, have led to effectual police precautions being taken not only for the protection of Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, but for the safety of the principal public buildings in the capital, including Newgate, the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, special care being at the same time given to ensuring the security of London Bridge.



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STATUE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD AT LIVERPOOL.



THE LATE SIGNOR MARIO.



STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE AT THE CITY LIBERAL CLUB.

THE LATE SIGNOR MARIO.

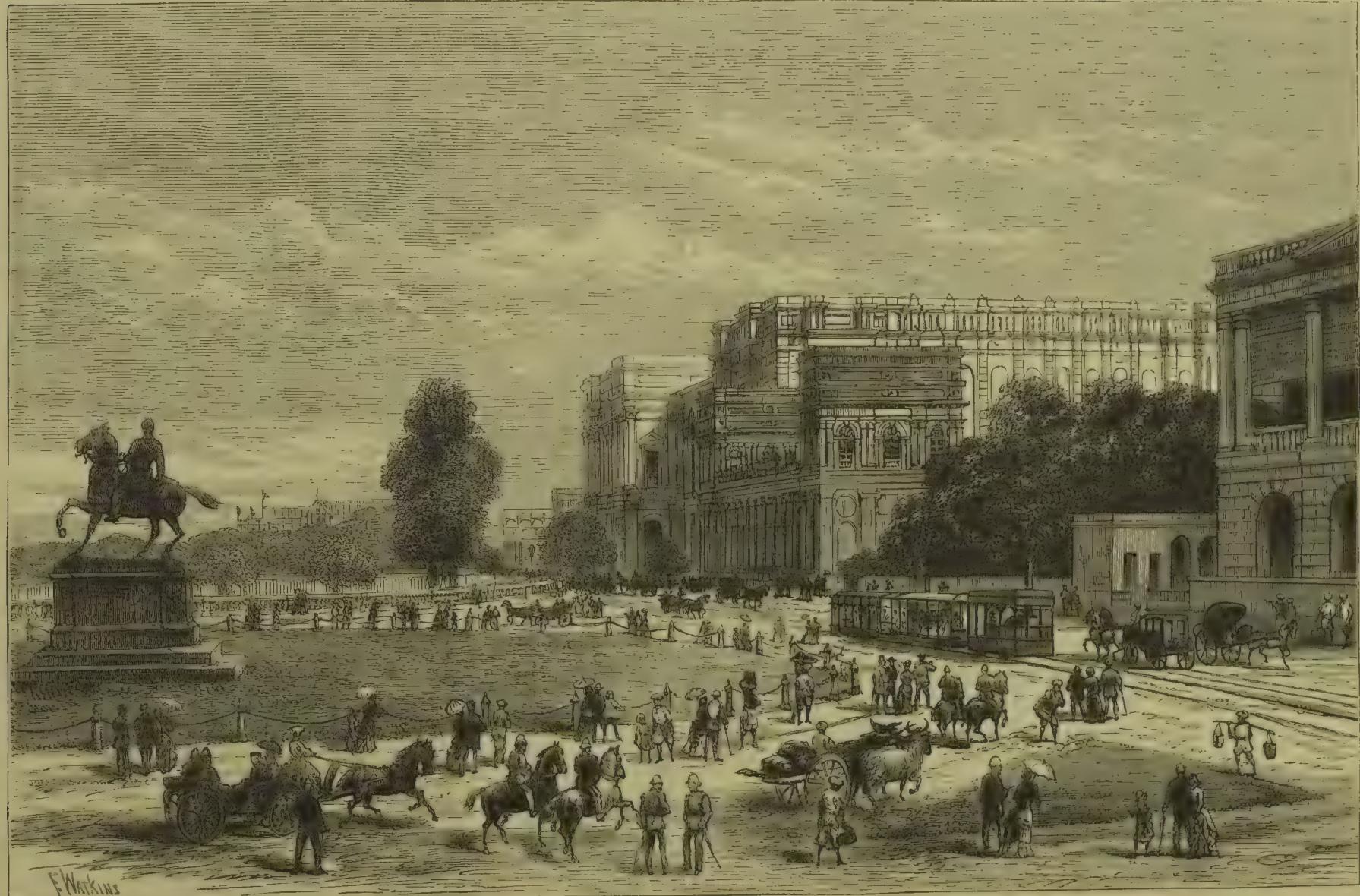
Twelve years have passed since the most delightful of Italian opera tenor singers, the husband of Grisi, took leave of the London stage. His death last week, at Rome, where he had lived since 1871 in comparative retirement, is an occasion for recalling to memory the pleasure that was long afforded by his vocal gifts, from June, 1839, the date of his first appearance in England, but especially in association with his still more celebrated wife, one of the greatest of lyrical artists. Giuseppe Mario, to use the adopted name by which he became famous all over Europe, was a Sardinian nobleman, the Marchese di Candia, born at Cagliari in 1810. He was educated agreeably to his rank, and held a commission in the army of the King of Sardinia, but for some reason gave it up, and resided a few years in Paris. His exquisite voice and musical talent, which had been early cultivated, became the means of his entering upon a new career, being without money,

after two years' special study at the Conservatoire of Paris. On Dec. 2, 1838, he appeared at the Grand Opera in the part of "Roberto il.Diavolo," and won great applause, which was increased by his succeeding performances; and in the next year he gained still higher reputation at the Italian Opera in London. In 1844 he married Madame Grisi, with whom he lived most happily, and shared her operatic triumphs, until her death in 1869. Although he must have received a very large amount of money for his performances during more than thirty years, his circumstances became embarrassed; and in 1878 a concert was got up for his benefit at St. James's Hall, which produced about £2000. Some of his friends at Rome also procured him the almost sinecure appointment of curator of a small museum of art. He had, however, provided comfortably for all his three daughters, to one of whom, Mrs. Vaughan, is left also his valuable collection of manuscripts and autographs. His house at Cagliari is left to his nephew, Stefano di Candia. The funeral of Mario at Rome, on Thursday week, was attended by the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Signor Mancini, by representatives of the King and Queen of Italy, the Syndic of Rome, Duke Torlonia, the Marchese di Villamarina, Prince Odescalchi,

the President of the Artists' Club, and a number of other notabilities. Mr. Cusins, master of music to Queen Victoria, was present as her Majesty's representative, and in her name placed a wreath of flowers upon the coffin. A number of other wreaths were sent, including one from the English visitors in Rome.

Our portrait of Mario in his old age, with the white beard grown since his retirement, is from a photograph taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey when he last visited London.

Sir James Bacon, Chief Judge of the Court of Bankruptcy, said on Monday that it was the last time he should sit as Chief Judge in that Court. During the thirteen years of his having filled the office he had always, he said, had valuable assistance from the registrars and the Bar. He also acknowledged the services of the officials, and bade them all farewell. Mr. Winslow, Q.C., and Mr. Aldridge addressed his Lordship in reply.



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THINE ALONE. MY FAIREST CHILD.

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LINKED TOGETHER. DEEP AND TRUE.

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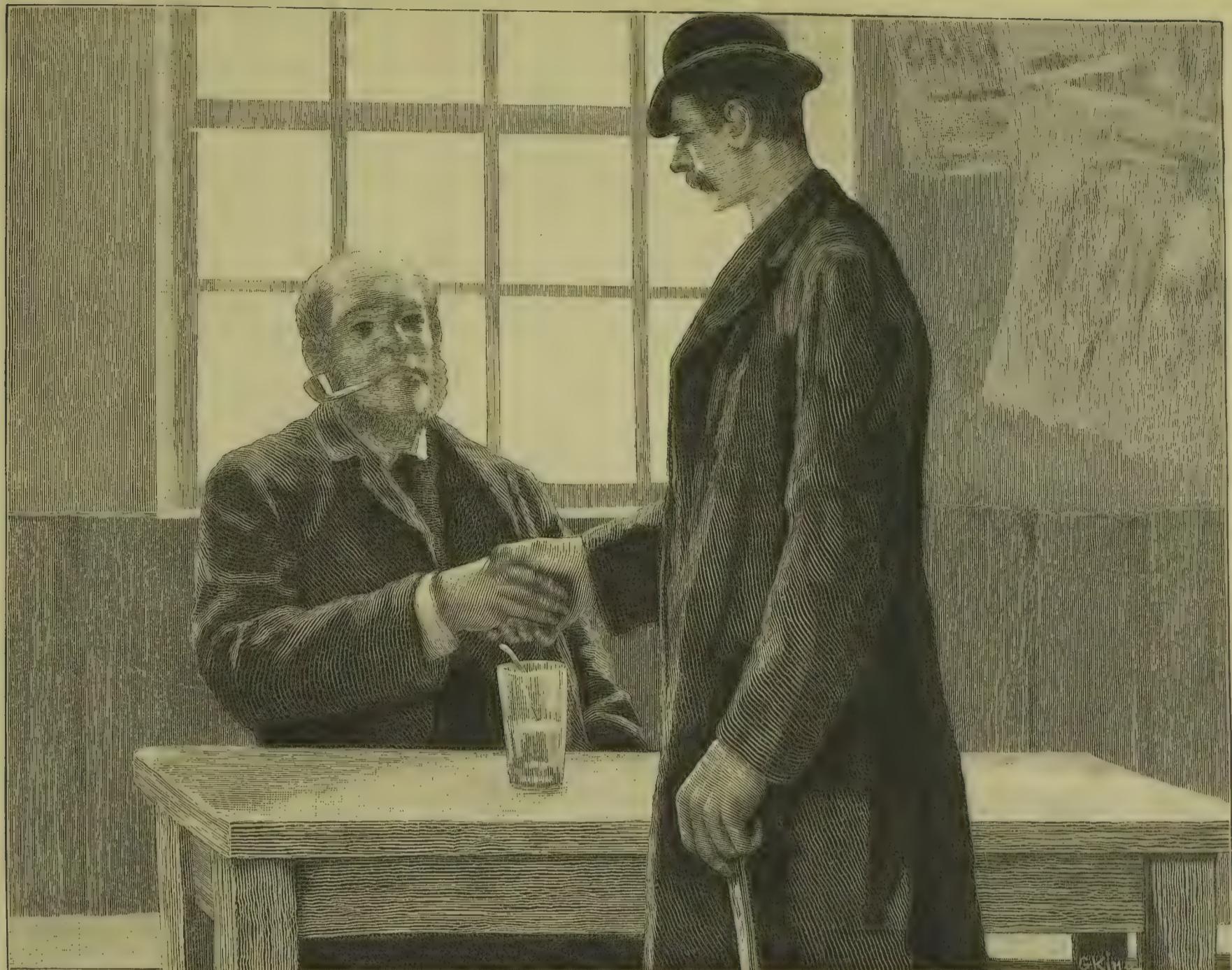
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He found Dawson awaiting him in a low-windowed room looking on the river, smoking a pipe, and drinking hot branly-and-water.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FLIGHT.

JOHN ADAIR left his home and laid that injunction upon his wife to pack up all that was necessary for departure within a few hours, he was not disobeyed. She had been in readiness for some such emergency for many days. Even that idea of his of an invalid carriage for little Willie had been in some sort anticipated.

In less than two hours

after he had left the house, everything was prepared for flight, including arrangements for the transport of the sick child. There was haste, but no precipitation, and, above all, no fear.

When Irton said to Adair "If you take my advice you will not return to Albany-street, there may be people on the look-out for you," he had not spoken more than the truth: they were people in Sophy's interest. There had been help within call next door for weeks. Adair had held his liberty on sufferance, and would have been arrested on the instant had despair or fury driven him to menace Sophy or the child. A "masterful inactivity" had, however, been the policy which had seemed to Irton better than any other. Sooner or later, as he had foreseen, it would become necessary for Adair to leave the country; and though a warrant had been taken out against him, at the lawyer's instigation it was held in suspense, since to execute it would have been to precipitate exposure, and to cover the innocent with life-long shame. If Sophy had known of what Stevie had witnessed in her nursery, it would have been impossible for her to be patient; she would not have permitted little Willie to remain one hour beneath her husband's roof.

It would have been difficult to persuade her that the cancellation of the insurance which had been effected upon the child's life had put all further attempt upon it out of the question; nay, it had rendered little Willie's existence of the highest consequence to Adair as being the only asset—though it had proved impossible to realise it—except Sophy, which he possessed.

It is not every absconding bankrupt who is so solicitous to

hamper himself in his flight with wife and child, but to Adair they were really very precious. If anything should happen to either of them the survivor would be simply invaluable, since, with the exception of that store he had in his breast-pocket—which if everybody had had their rights (a Utopian and optimist phrase, quite unsuited to practical life) would certainly not have been there—he would have no other source of income.

It is difficult, therefore, to underrate the sense of loss which Mr. John Adair experienced when, on coming home at one o'clock (he had one virtue—he was punctual), he found both wife and child had flown. He had a notion at first that they might have preceded him to the railway station—that they were "not lost, but gone before"—but the parlour-maid assured him to the contrary. "Missus and Miss Willie, with Jeannette, had gone two hours ago," as she supposed, to join him; she was loud in her admiration of the vehicle which had conveyed the child away in an easy and recumbent posture, and apparently in high spirits. As to their destination, Jeannette had given out that they were "going to the sea;" a rather vague address, even supposing it was a correct one, and one which certainly did not satisfy the inquirer. As a matter of fact, Sophy had no more knowledge of where they were going than had the parlour-maid. Jeannette, who had long been head of the intelligence department as regards all outside matters, was now commander-in-chief. From the moment when her mistress informed her of the injunctions her husband had laid upon her she took the conduct of everything into her own hands.

"Do not take on about it," she exclaimed, "my dear Miss Sophy" (in moments of excitement she always thus addressed her mistress, notwithstanding that she had been twice married), "for this is only what we have been expecting, or something like it, for ever so long. We will take the dear child away, safe and sound, a couple of hours before master returns; and, if he ever sets his eyes on either you or her again, I'll forgive him."

To anyone who knew Jeannette and the feelings which animated her with respect to her employer, this alternative seemed improbable enough.

"But where are we to go, Jeannette, whither my husband cannot follow; and what friends have I—though it is true I have good friends—who can protect me against the strong arm of the law?"

"As to that matter," returned the waiting-maid, confidently, "I have reason to believe that master has something to settle with the law upon his own account; so that, for once and away, it will be found on the side of the weak. While as to friends, you have got one, Miss Sophy, that loves you as well as I do, loves you more than you have any idea of, only, for the present, she doesn't wish her name known—so let's call her Johnson."

"I have only one woman friend, Jeannette—save dear

Aunt Maria, whom I myself have rendered powerless to help me—and that is Mrs. Irton. I have done harm enough to those who love me already, and nothing will induce me to accept any help which may bring Henry into trouble. Why, the first place your master (it was very significant that she should have avoided saying "my husband" when speaking of Adair) will turn to look for us will be her house."

"To any question where you and little Willie are gone, Mr. Irton can, I assure you, lay his hand upon his heart and honestly say—though, being a lawyer, he would say it, of course, in any case—that he knows nothing about it. Don't trouble your head, my dear Miss Sophy, about anything but packing your things."

Their preparations for departure were proceeding, indeed, throughout the conversation, during which Jeannette maintained an air of confidence that was not without its effect upon her mistress. Poor Sophy's one idea was to get away with her child from a miserable home and a hateful husband, and she was willing enough, without much questioning, to intrust her future to such faithful hands. The vigour and animation which had taken possession of the waiting-maid—though, to do her justice, she had always "kept up" for Sophy's sake under all their troubles—were remarkable. She was like a good soldier, who, tired of inaction, at last receives the route. Nay, there was something even bellicose about her, as though war had been declared; and, indeed, the idea of battle was by no means unwelcome to her. Next to the preservation of her mistress and little Willie, the thought nearest to her heart was that it was about to be permitted to her to pay off old scores with Mr. John Adair.

She had been in slavery to him for six long years, and the hour of emancipation and revenge had come at last. Intrigue was her delight, she had a natural bent for it (though straightforward enough in every other direction, she was a little crooked in that); but, up to this time, her diplomacy, so far from being successful, had filled her with remorse and regret. Moreover, she had had no coadjutor, her mistress had had enough of deception, and only in one thing had played into Jeannette's hands. They had agreed together to conceal the fact that little Willie had recently taken a decided turn for the better. As this circumstance, however, for certain excellent reasons, had been concealed from Adair, his proposition that the sick child should be carried from her bed to take a railway journey had, in Sophy's eyes, lost none of its brutality. It acted as a spur to the alacrity with which she prepared to leave her husband's roof. Such a sense of enfranchisement and relief took possession of her as she drove away—her hand fast locked in little Willie's, who lay stretched at ease by her side—that for some minutes she forebore even to speak, like one who is recovering from some long and acute disorder, and who finds happiness enough in being quit of pain. She was content to enjoy her freedom in silence.



Presently, however, she inquired of Jeannette whither she was taking her. "To a cousin of mine out Hammersmith way," explained the waiting-maid. "Of course it would not do to stop there, though you would be as welcome as flowers in May; master would soon find out where the invalid carriage dropped us, but after that I flatter myself the scent will be cold enough."

"And then are we going on to this good Mrs. Johnson's, as you call her?"

"Yes; it's her cottage as has been got ready for you."

"What care and trouble you must have taken, Jeannette," murmured Sophy, gratefully.

"So I had need, Ma'am," was the waiting-woman's reply. The tone, as well as the words, were significant enough, but Sophy was too rapt in her own thoughts to pay attention to either. The hour in which the captive breaks his chain is even more critical than the one in which it first was riveted on him; the beginning of a new life, however preferable it may seem to that which we have done with, is momentous.

After a long drive, they drew up at a house in a very modest terrace where Jeannette's cousin—a homely matronly woman—gave them a hearty welcome. Some tea and refreshments were put before them, of which Sophy could hardly be persuaded to partake, so afraid was she of pursuit and capture. In twenty minutes they were again on their way, this time in one of those flies peculiar to the suburbs and country towns. Their way lay now clear of the streets, among villas and market gardens. At last they stopped at a pretty cottage, with bay windows looking over a well-kept lawn bordered by flower-beds, already redolent of the spring. Little Willie was enchanted with their colour and perfume.

"Dear mamma, I should like to live here all my life," she whispered, softly.

"You shall live here as long as you like, you dear," said Jeannette.

To Sophy, as to the child, though for a different reason, the prospect seemed too alluring to be realised. "It looks most sweet and quiet," she whispered. "But shall we be safe, Jeannette?"

"Do you see that building yonder, Miss Sophy, with the ivy round it; it is only a stone's throw, and we shall be secure under its shadow?"

The suburb was one of those highly decorated ones which are certainly exempt from the charge of monotony of architecture; each house was not only different from the other, but often distinguished by some startling peculiarity of its own. Even the churches were less ecclesiastical-looking than artistic. "Is it the church?" inquired Sophy, not without some doubt in her mind of the security afforded by the proximity of the sacred edifice, against the machinations of her husband.

"The church! Lor' bless you, no, Miss. It's better nor that; it's the police station."

It was plain that Jeannette put greater confidence in the power of the secular arm than in ecclesiastical authority.

A neat cheerful woman having the appearance of a house-keeper received them, and showed them over the cottage, which was very prettily furnished; the nursery arrangements were exceptionally pleasant and appropriate. When tired little Willie had been put to bed, and was lying asleep watched by the two fond women, Jeannette expressed a hope that her mistress had found things to her liking.

"I dare not say what I think," said Sophy. "I feel as though I were looking upon something far too restful and beautiful to last—like sunset in the skies. To whom am I indebted for this charming haven? in which, however, it is out of the question, Jeannette, that we can remain. You don't understand that in leaving Mr. Adair I have deprived myself of the means of livelihood."

"I am not so sure of that, Miss Sophy; at least, those who know a great deal more about such matters than we are not so sure. But, however that may be, don't you fret yourself about the cost of things. Money will be provided—at all events for some time to come—by one whose greatest pleasure will be to spend it upon you."

"It must be Henny," murmured Sophy; "dear, generous Henny!"

"Mrs. Irton is as good as gold," returned Jeannette, earnestly, "and her purse will be the same as yours, I warrant; but just at this moment Mrs. Irton don't even know you're here."

"Then who is it, Jeannette?"

Sophy's face flushed to her forehead. It had suddenly struck her that Mr. Mavors was her unknown benefactor, and then the shame of having entertained such an unjustifiable suspicion overwhelmed her. It was probable, indeed, that the Tutor had forgotten all about her, or, if he had thought of inquiring, had heard perhaps, not altogether without complacency, that the man she had preferred to him had turned out not altogether the best of husbands.

"If I tell you who it is, Miss Sophy, I shall be doing the very thing the person in question—Mrs. Johnson, as I have called her—wishes me not to do."

"I am very much obliged to my unknown friend, whoever she is, Jeannette, returned Sophy, resolutely; "but I cannot consent to be under obligations to a stranger, or, what is worse, to someone who may be returning to me good for evil."

Her mind had reverted to Aunt Maria. It was highly improbable, of course, that that lady should possess the means for any such act of generosity; but, at all events, as Sophy was well convinced, the will would not be wanting to her: when we cannot find what we search for elsewhere, we look for it in unlikely places.

"Well, Miss Sophy, I will do your bidding, if you will, on your part, listen with patience to something I have got to say about myself, and when you have heard it try your best to forgive me."

"I have nothing, alas! to forgive anyone, my poor Jeannette; throughout my life things have been quite the other way."

"You have done some foolish things, no doubt, Miss Sophy," returned Jeannette, naively; "and grievously have you suffered for them. Your marriage with Mr. Perry was, of course, the beginning of it all; but still your misfortunes might have been ended there but for my meddling. But for me you might have made a clean breast of it to the Canon, and at least prevented matters from going from bad to worse."

"No, Jeannette; no," put in her mistress, mournfully; "I had not the courage of it; anything seemed easier to me than to tell the truth."

"You were hesitating about it, Miss Sophy, at all events, and I threw all the weight I had with you into the wrong scale. I did not know it was the wrong one, but I ought to have done, had not my eyes been blinded by the glitter of gold. Miss Sophy, I was bribed by Mr. Adair to help him."

"Bribed! Oh, Jeannette!"

"Yes, Miss Sophy, well you may look at me like that; only don't suppose that I was betraying you. I have thought the matter over a hundred times since then, and though I take blame and shame to myself, it was not so bad as that. I never put wrong into your head, but I was enticed by Mr. Adair's money to encourage you in what was not right. You were always a liberal mistress to me; Heaven knows I had not the excuse of want; but Mr. Adair was very free-handed,

and thinking it was generosity and not self-interest (as, of course, it was), I endeavoured to persuade myself that such a man could never make a bad husband; what I was more certain of, however, was that he would make a lavish master. Nor in the last (though generosity had even less to do with it than before) was I mistaken. And here, dear, dear Miss Sophy, lies the bitterest shame of all. I took his money for years for seeming to be on his side against your dear self and little Willie. There was some excuse even for that, for in deceiving him I was enabled to remain your friend. But when the sums he gave me—at the very time he was telling you he had no money—became larger and larger, my heart sank within me to think what villainy I might in his eyes be abetting."

"I don't understand, Jeannette," said Sophy, pitifully. "Perhaps it is only just that I, who have deceived others so dear and near to me, should have been myself deceived. What could he do, as you say, against us more than what I know he did?"

"Don't ask, Miss Sophy; I beseech you, don't ask. It was not what he did, but what he tried to do; and as I knew, in my heart of hearts, he gave me the money to hold my tongue about it. It was bad enough to take what dear Miss Aldred gave me when you married, 'as a remembrance of my faithful service under her roof'—mine, who had thrown dust in her eyes from the very first, and at the last sold her darling to a scoundrel; but to take blood money!"

"Blood money!" echoed Sophy, aghast with horror.

"Well, it was almost as bad, though I didn't know how bad; and when I took it I had no other idea in my mind, Heaven knows, than to thwart and hinder him. And I did stand between him and the little darling, dear Miss Sophy, and would have laid down my life sooner than have let him injure a hair of her sweet head. Thank Heaven! you never knew of it, and I do beg of you not to seek to know, at least from my lips. Mrs. Irton, who knows all, will tell you, perhaps, some day; she does not think that I was so much to blame. And you have been yourself in straits, Miss Sophy, when it was difficult to know what was right."

"Indeed, indeed I have, Jeannette," put in her mistress. "I have no right to cast a stone at any human being for acting crookedly. I am sure you meant well (which I did not); and if you stood between my child and harm, I am your debtor for ever."

"Oh, no! no! Nothing that I can do, Miss Sophy, can ever make things that way," said Jeannette, vehemently. "But if—out of thought of happier times, and the knowledge that I have loved you and yours from first to last, and because you see a miserable creature on her knees before you—you can forgive me!"

"Hush! hush! you must not kneel to me," interrupted Sophy, greatly agitated. "If I have anything to forgive you, of course it is forgiven."

"I thank you for that blessed word, Miss Sophy," cried the sobbing girl. "I draw my breath for the first time freely for the last five years. While life is in me, I will do my best to repair the misery I have brought upon you; I will work for you and little Willie as no woman ever worked before."

"You dear, faithful creature," said Sophy, tenderly. "At present our fortune is in the clouds, through which, however, let us hope some streak of sunshine may presently find its way. But you have not yet told me what you promised: how is it we are lodged in this pretty place? Who has made these arrangements for our comfort? How did we get here with, such ease and safety? Who but Henny could have done it?"

"Mrs. Irton could have done it, Miss Sophy, no doubt," returned Jeannette, gently; "but it was so all-important you see, that neither she nor her husband should know anything about your whereabouts when Mr. Adair makes his inquiries of them, as he is sure to do."

Sophy cast an involuntary glance at her sleeping child, and shuddered.

"I see, of course, the absolute necessity of that," she said; "but things do not happen in this world according to our necessities. If Henny has not been our guardian angel in this matter, who can it have been? Who is good Mrs. Johnson?"

"There is no guardian-angelship and no sort of goodness about her," returned the waiting-maid, vehemently. "All that you see here are the mere proceeds of her wages of iniquity. But such as she is, she is Jenny Perkins."

CHAPTER L.

THE CONFEDERATES.

When he once found himself abroad and out of the reach of immediate danger, Irton had said of John Adair that he would hold up his head and be himself again. Nor did it require the air of the Continent to revive him. Miserable as was his aspect as he slunk away from Bedford-row, he seemed, like Antaeus, to gather strength and confidence with every footfall. He had been in a good many ugly holes, it was true; and, what was worse, Irton was aware, it seemed, that he had been on the brink of one which, as compared with the rest, was as the Bottomless Pit itself. He had suffered a terrible penalty for having been so near it, the thought of which had utterly quenched his spirit; but, on reconsideration, he now felt assured that there was no intention on the lawyer's part to pursue that matter to the bitter end. This might arise, as Irton had said, from an unwillingness to disgrace those belonging to him, or from the difficulty of establishing the charge; and, if the latter, the sooner he left England, and the longer he kept away, the less likely it was to be brought home to him. Who the witness of his attempted crime could be, Adair could make no guess. Perhaps there had been no witness; though the suspicion against him must have been strong indeed to have induced the invention of such testimony. But it was evidently resolved by his enemies (as he termed those whom he had wronged and ruined) that he should either fly the country or make acquaintance with the dock of a criminal court; and there was no hesitation on his part which to choose. He had already been contemplating flight on other grounds; and should he be arrested, no matter on what charge, his seizure would be the signal for half a dozen other prosecutions. He had long been prescient of this evil day, which nothing but the success of the San Saborio scheme (which had come to the ground with a crash that could not be stifled) could have stayed off, and had made his arrangements accordingly.

As even a small income can be made to go a good way if we are deaf to the claims of others, and spend every penny of it upon ourselves, so even among the ruins of failure there is money to be picked up by the unscrupulous; and Adair, as the lawyer had foreseen, had feathered his nest pretty completely, or, in other words, had laid his hands upon everything that could be realised and turned it into portable property. Whenever he touched that breast-pocket of his, he experienced a pleasurable glow which with some people is the substitute for all generous emotions—the consciousness of the possession of capital. For all that had come and gone, he still had a complacent confidence in his own natural abilities. Backed by the experience of the last five years—which, though acquired at great cost,

had nevertheless been paid for by other people's money—he felt himself capable of great commercial enterprises. These, however, would be of a different kind from those with which he had hitherto been connected, and which had failed (as he persuaded himself) by the pusillanimity and want of enterprise of others. His own hand and brain should for the future direct them; and, in particular, he would take care to separate himself completely from these coadjutors, or rather confederates, with whom perforce he had of late consorted. He would put them to one more use, and then have done with them.

It was in company with one of these—the man Dawson—that he was about to leave England that very evening; and by him all arrangements had been made for that purpose. Dawson was not only aware that Sophy and the child were going with Adair, but had suggested their doing so. He knew all their circumstances, and had pointed out how important it was to Adair's future prospects (in which Mr. Dawson flattered himself he would have some share), that he should keep his wife and his daughter (whom he playfully termed the goose and the gosling with the golden eggs) under his own eye.

"If you once leave your wife," he naively said, "her own people will get round her, and you will find it difficult to re-open relations with her;" and as her income was paid into her own hands, this would be obviously inconvenient.

There were certain circumstances which rendered it injudicious for Adair to be seen travelling in a railway carriage in the direction of the seacoast; while for Mr. Dawson such a step would have been still more hazardous. It had therefore been settled that Mrs. Adair and the child should journey to Gravesend alone, while her husband and his confederate were to drop down the river at night and join them in the morning. A boat manned by a crew whom they could trust (i.e., who were well paid for the job), was to await them at midnight by the stairs at the bottom of Miller-street, where Dawson had some place of business. The two men, though united by the bond of common interest, were far from being on good terms: their natures were anti-pathetic. Dawson was a coarse and brutal ruffian, whose society could not but revolt a man of education, however morally degraded; he enjoyed himself after his fashion, which Adair never did; but he was not a whit less suspicious and cunning. It had been agreed that they were to meet together at a water side tavern in the East of London that afternoon, to make their final arrangements, and thither Adair now bent his steps.

The rendezvous itself was characteristic enough of one of the two men; a rickety erection with beetle brows (like a villainous low forehead), its wooden walls bulging on the river and overhanging, at low tide, mud and slime; the haunt of profligate and noisy sailors. Adair, who though unscrupulous, was fastidious in his way, surveyed the place, which he had never entered before, with a shudder of disgust. As he walked down the narrow lane of which it formed the termination his heart was full of bitterness. The old houses almost meeting over his head as they leant forward in age and weakness, made a shadow above him, which, though there was no other point of likeness, Heaven knows, suddenly reminded him of the lime walk at Trinity. Six years ago he had trodden it in cap and gown; a man of mark and promise, with a future before him, and now he had become the companion of thieves. Without one pang of remorse, he felt an excessive repugnance to the thing he had become; a pent-up fury raged within him against Circumstance, Fate, whatever it was that had brought him to such a pass. It was not his own fault of course; the knave out of luck is seldom aware that he has chosen the very worst profession in the world; he only knows that he is "cursed unfortunate." What most excited his wrath was the fact that his own flesh and blood had deserted him, though they had in fact only escaped him. Next to them, he loathed the man to whom it was necessary to disclose that humiliating circumstance.

He found Dawson awaiting him in a low-windowed room looking on the river, smoking a pipe, and drinking hot brandy-and-water.

"Punctual, as usual, Master Jack," was his familiar address.

"That's well; sit down and have a glass."

"No; I have neither time nor taste for drinking. Matters are getting hot for us, Dawson. For my part, I wish we were well off."

"It is always safer—which means quicker—to wait for night, when it comes to running. Besides, the men have their orders, and could not be got together all in a moment. What has happened to frighten you?"

"I have reason to believe that there are people looking for me at home."

"Indeed!" said the other, laying down his pipe and dropping his careless manner. "I hope you have got your women folk well away."

"They are not coming," said Adair, sullenly; "they have fled the house, and I don't know where they have gone."

"Come, come, Mr. Adair!" exclaimed his companion, menacingly; "this will not do. Miles Dawson is not the man to be made a cat-sow of."

"I tell you I know no more than you do where my wife has gone. I wish I did know. It's more my loss than yours, I suppose."

"If it is your loss; but how am I to be certain of that? You are not so very straightforward that I should take your word for that. We sink or swim together, my young friend, mind that. It is very well for you to have a certain income safely invested in this country to be drawn upon at your convenience; but what's to become of me in the meantime, while our schemes are ripening. While the grass grows the steed starves; and I am not the sort of animal that takes to starving kindly."

"I have money enough for both of us for a month or two," said Adair, with a flush on his face.

"Oh, you have, have you?" sneered the other; "in spite of its being so deuced difficult to raise a few pounds? Well, if I don't see my way to a thousand pound down, I don't start to-night, Mr. Adair."

"A thousand pounds! I wouldn't give you a thousand pence to save your neck from the hangman."

It was not a pleasant observation for one gentleman to make to another supposed to be in his confidence; moreover, it was accompanied by a tone and manner so obviously genuine that to explain it away in any "parliamentary sense" was out of the question.

For an instant a very ugly look indeed crossed Mr. Dawson's face, which, when the coarse bonhomie was out of it, was always far from prepossessing, but the next moment he burst out laughing.

"Upon my life, Adair," he said, "for a keen, clever fellow, I never saw one so slow to take a joke as you are. You need hardly have flown out so, even if an old pal like me had asked for the money in earnest, whereas I asked you for nothing of the kind. I said I should like to see it; since without the sinews of war it would be useless to begin our campaign at all, and we might just as well stop where we are and take our chance."

For an instant Adair seemed to hesitate, then he threw open his coat and pulled out his bundle of bank-notes.

"There is a thousand pounds there, and more," he exclaimed, sullenly. "Now, look here, I'm safe till to-morrow;

but don't let's have any more cursed nonsense about not going to-night."

"Certainly not," returned the other, quietly. "Only there's nothing like being frank and above board with friends."

If this moral axiom was meant as an encouragement to his companion to go into figures, it failed of its intent, for Adair rolled up the notes again, and placed them in his breast-pocket.

"At midnight, then, at Miller-street stairs, the boat will be waiting."

"As sure as death, or at least clockwork," was the dry rejoinder. "As you can't go home, it seems, why shouldn't we pass the time together?"

"No, I have something to do," said Adair, taking up his hat.

"Well, don't be late; but, on the other hand, it won't do to be much too early. To be hanging about the stairs before the boat arrives will excite suspicion." With that curt, side-long nod which is the sign of adieu between familiaris who are not friends, the two parted. Hardly had the door closed behind Adair, when Dawson stamped twice upon the floor, a signal which was promptly answered by the younger of the two men who had been passengers in the train with Robert Aldred.

"Quick, follow that fellow, and tell me where he goes to."

Within five minutes the emissary returned, with a long face.

"Fool! has he given you the slip?"

"It is not that; there's some one after him already."

"Ten thousand devils! not one of our people, surely?"

"No such luck, it's a detective. I've seen his face in Scotland-yard, and, what's more to the purpose, he's seen mine."

"You white-livered hound! No matter, that will do."

Left to himself, Dawson fell a musing. "He's safe for to-night, is he? That means that they are conniving at his flight; for Madam's sake they will not arrest him. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. A thousand pounds? He had five thousand pounds about him if he had a penny. I caught the figure on the inside note; they were hundred-pounders."

It was not easy to find a cab in those regions; but, when he had done so, Adair drove to an hotel in Covent Garden—the same he had put up at when he had come up from Cambridge to make that little investigation at St. Anne's—and secured a private sitting-room. A bed-room he did not need, and to sit in the coffee-room among strangers would have been intolerable. He had in reality nothing to do, for his arrangements for departure were complete; but a sense of danger—marvellously increased by the little fortune he carried with him—warned him to lie close, as it had disinclined him for his late companion's society. The time lagged on his hands like lead; there were two books upon the table, and, though he had never taken any pleasure in reading, he carelessly took up one of them. It chanced to be a Cambridge calendar, left, no doubt, by some undergraduate who used the house. He turned to his own name, second on the list of Wranglers. The sight of it was wormwood to him. What chances he had flung away; from what a bright promise he had fallen, and to what a depth! He threw the book away with a curse, and took up the other. It was a Post Office Directory. He turned to his own address in Albany-street, and in the City. In the next edition, he bitterly reflected, they would not be there—nor anywhere. It was doubtful whether he would ever dare to set foot in England again; yet if Sophy and her child would not obey his orders, and come out to him, he would dare; and then so much the worse for them. As he idly turned over the leaves he read a page of "trades;" then, half closing the book, repeated the names in their order, with only two mistakes. He read it again, and this time accomplished the feat without an error. What an amazing memory he possessed, what grasp of mind, and talent for detail! It was impossible, with the funds he had to start with, that he should fail a second time in utilising such amazing gifts.

He dined, or rather supped, at a late hour, and at a little before eleven started for the rendezvous. Bearing in mind the warning Dawson had given him against being too early, he went on foot, notwithstanding that it was raining heavily. There was also a strong wind blowing. This reminded him of the night when he dogged the footsteps of Herbert Perry when they came away from the ball.

There was another point of resemblance of which he was unaware; his own footsteps were being dogged, and with much greater cunning; he had been but an amateur detective, and this was a professional. Along the Strand and Fleet-street, and then into the narrow thoroughfares by the river side, this man pursued him—saw that he always kept upon the opposite side of the way—like his own shadow. At the corner of Miller-street Adair stopped and took out his watch. It wanted but five minutes to midnight. Then he turned the corner of the street and made rapidly for the river. His pursuer, seeing him pause, had slunk into a gateway, and, taken unawares by his rapid movement, was thrown more behind him than he had been heretofore. When he also turned into the street, which was of no great length, Adair had almost reached the bottom of it, when he suddenly lost sight of him. The detective hastened his steps, and quickly reached the very spot, as he imagined, where Adair had disappeared. It was a large warehouse, with a huge crane depending from it, and its great doors were closed. It was impossible, he felt, that they could have been opened and shut within so short a time. Yet the man was gone. The detective placed a whistle to his lips and gave a shrill signal, twice repeated. Within three minutes there were two policemen, with their bull's-eyes, assisting him in his search. He told them hurriedly what had happened, and one of them ran on to the river brink. As he reached it, a light boat, with six men in her, four of them rowing, and two in the stern, shot out from under the stairs."

"He has got away, Sir," said the policeman, running back to make his report, "in a ship's gig down the river."

"I don't believe it," said the detective. "He never moved a yard beyond this spot," and he struck his foot upon the ground. The sound it gave was dull and hollow. They were standing on a cellar trap.

(To be continued.)

At a meeting last Saturday of the governing body of the North Wales University, which is to be located at Bangor, the Earl of Powis was unanimously elected president of the college for ten years. The Duke of Westminster and Mr. Richard Davies, M.P., were elected vice-presidents.

Judgment in the case of *Belt v. Lawes*, upon the application for a new trial, was delivered last Saturday in the Lord Chief Justice of England's Court. The Judges were divided in opinion—Mr. Justice Manisty being in favour of the verdict of the jury, the Lord Chief Justice thinking that there should be a new trial on all the grounds alleged, and Mr. Justice Denman declaring for a new trial unless the plaintiff, Mr. Belt, consented to accept the reduced damages of £500. Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Manisty, in order to avoid the grave inconvenience of a fresh trial, agreed to the compromise suggested by Mr. Justice Denman.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.
W.M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are well pleased to hear from our old friend. Your reappearance in the problem world will be very welcome.
F.H. (Beckenham).—Any problem you may send shall receive due attention.

J.D. (Spencer-street).—The rule that a player shall promote a pawn to a piece of the same colour is clear enough to all sane persons. The "eight queens" puzzle can be solved in many ways, and you will find them all set forth in the book of the London Chess Congress (1862).

D.E.T.—We are very glad to hear of your restoration to health. The game is excellent, and it shall appear next week.

R.E.P.—We do not examine anonymous contributions.

H.E.R.W. and B.R.O.—You are the only correspondents who impugn the accuracy No. 2022. Your variation 1. Kt takes Kt shall be examined.

A.T. (Newport).—The problems are very acceptable, and they shall have due honours.

L.S. (Brompton).—We have ascertained that you can obtain a complete set of the "Westminster Papers" on application to Mr. Charles Mossop, 4, Cannon-street.

H.B. (Derby).—Many thanks for the score of the matches in which your club engaged.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J. Farnham and Rhodes Marriott.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2022 received from H.B. Shadforth, A.M. Porter, C. Stewart Wood, Ben Nevis, M. O'Halloran, R.L. Southwell, J. Gaskin, Raymond, Plymouth, H.H.N. B. F. M. (Edinburgh), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R.T. Kemp, J. Morton, Carrick, A. Chapman, Emily Fran, Edmund Field, T.G. A.C. Haines, G.W. Law, H. Lucas, S. Bullen, W. Hillier, E.J. Posino (Haarlem), Schmucke, New Forest, J.R. (Edinburgh), E. Elsbury, An Old Hand, W. Vernon, Arno d. R. Worts (Canterbury), Z. Ingold, L. L. Greenaway, H. Wardell, K. (Bridgewater), R.H. Brooks, J. Short, D.W. Keil, E. Casella (Paris), Nerina, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), L. Lachlan, E.P. Vulliamy, L. Falcon (Antwerp), H.H. Noyes, F. Ferris, R.W. Stewart, R. Marlett (Manchester), E. Londen, Smut, Jumbo, R. J. Vines, Enery, E.C.H. (Worthing), W.O. B. (B. Jersey), Charles King, E.E. H., R. Bygott Junior, Gyp, W. B. Dole, F. H. St. J. (Birmingham), Balaclava, W.T.W. (Croydon), F.H.A. Alpha, St. George, and L. Deanges.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2071.

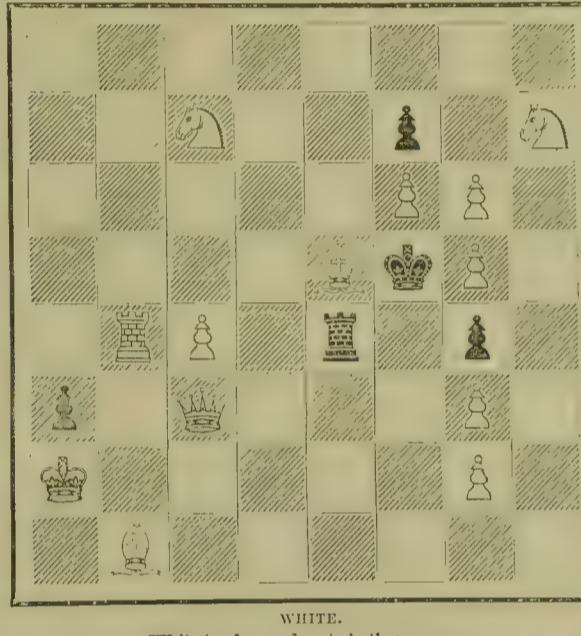
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to R 7th	K to Q B 4th
2. Q to Kt 6th	Any m.v.
3. Mates accordingly.	

The variations are obvious.

PROBLEM NO. 2074.

By J.G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

From a Match played at St. Petersburg last month, in which M. Tschigorin gives the odds of Pawn and move to Baron NOLDE.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Baron N.)	BLACK (M. T.)	BLACK (M. T.)	
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	12. R to Q sq	B takes Kt (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	If the Queen is moved White continues with 13. P to Q B 6th, and 14. Q to Q 5th (ch).	
Wink: the correct continuation is 2. Kt to K B 3rd.		13. P takes B	Q to B sq
3. P to K B 4th	B to K Kt 2nd	14. P to Q B 5th	Kt (Kt 3rd) to Q 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. R to Q B 4th (ch) K to Kt 2nd	
5. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	16. B to K 6th	
6. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Well played, If 13. B to Q 4th (ch), Black's answer is 14. P to K 4th.	
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	17. P to K R 3rd	
8. B to K 3rd	Castles	If 17. P takes P, White wins by 18. B to Q 4th (ch), &c.	
9. P to K R 3rd		18. Q to B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
9. B to K 2nd is preferable here.		19. Q to Q 4th (ch)	K to R 2nd
9. B to K 2nd is preferable here.	B takes Kt	20. P to K R 4th	Q to B 2nd
10. Q takes B	P takes P	21. P takes P	Q to Kt 6th (ch)
11. Q P takes P	B takes P	22. K to B sq,	and Black resigned.

This misjudged inaccuracy loses the game at once. If he had played 11. Kt to Q B 3rd, his game would have been as safe as could have been expected at this stage of the end of Pawn and move.

The second round of the match between the Manhattan (New York) and the Philadelphia Chess Clubs was played in the latter city on the 24th ult.

As in the first round, played in New York on the 7th ult., and resulting in a draw, each club was represented by fifteen members. On this occasion the New York amateurs scored a decisive victory by nine games to four and two draws, thus winning the match.

A match between the clubs of Derby and Leicester was played at Low's restaurant, Derby, on the 12th inst. There were thirteen players a side, and the victory fell to Leicester, with a score of nine games to seven. On the 15th inst. Derby sustained another defeat—at Nottingham on this occasion; it was a return-match, the first having been drawn.

A drawn match was played on the 8th inst. between the clubs of Greenwich and North London.

Mr. D.Y. Mills, the well-known Leeds amateur, conducted six games sans voix and simultaneously at Bradford on the 8th inst., winning four and losing two. A very successful performance.

The committee charged with the arrangements for the scire of the Liverpool Scientific and Art Societies, held at St. George's Hall during the past week, placed chess sans voix on their programme. Mr. Blackburne performed, but we go to press too early in the week to chronicle the result here.

Dr. Zukertort gave a second exhibition of blindfold chess at the St. James' Hall, New York, on Nov. 23 last. He was opposed by eight strong players of the Manhattan Chess Club, and in the result won from Messrs. Perrin, Pinkham, and Carpenter, drew three, and lost the remainder. The winners were Messrs. Isaacson and Simonson.

In accordance with our usual custom, we present our readers with a few selected Chess nuts for Christmas. The first is the problem submitted to the competitors in the soutie tournament he'd at a recent meeting of the East German Chess Association. It is the composition of Herr J. Salminger, of Berlin:—

White: K at K Kt square, Q at Q B 2nd, R at K Kt 3rd, B at K B 7th, Kt at Q B 5th, Pawns at Q G 6th and Q Kt 4th. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at K 4th, R at Q 3rd, B at K 6th, Kt at K Kt 2nd, Pawns at Q B 5th and Q 5th. (Six pieces.)

White to play and mate in three moves.

Our next is from a recent number of the *Mindener Zeitung*, and is the composition of a favourite of English solvers, Herr von Gottschall, of Leipzig.

White: K at Q R square, Q at Q Kt 3rd, R at K B 8th, B at Q 5th, Kt at Q 6th, Pawn at Q Kt 6th. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at K 4th, R at Q 3rd, B at K 6th, Kt at K Kt 2nd, Pawns at K B 5th and K 5th. (Six pieces.)

White to play and mate in three moves.

Here is a neat stratagem for beginners, from Prague, by J. Drtina.

White: K at Q Kt 7th, Q at Q Kt 6th, Kt at K B 7th, Pawns at K R 4th, K B 6th, and Q R 3rd. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at Q 4th, B at K R 6th, Pawns at K B 6th and K 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES HALL.

Sir Charles Hall, a Bencher of the Middle Temple, late Vice-Chancellor, died on the 12th inst., at 8, Bayswater-hill, aged sixty-nine. This eminent Judge, most learned in the law of real property, was the fourth son of Mr. John Hall, a merchant, of Manchester. His call to the Bar at the Middle Temple was in 1838, and his practice, chiefly as a conveyancer and equity draughtsman, became so considerable that it is stated that no Staff-Gownsmen ever made a larger professional income. He never took silk, but was selected from the Outer Bar to fill the important office of Vice-Chancellor in 1873, when he received the honour of knighthood. Declining health caused his retirement in 1882. Sir Charles married, in 1837, Sarah, daughter of Mr. Francis Duval, of Exeter, and niece of Lewis Duval, the famous conveyancer. She died in 1879, leaving issue.

VENERABLE STEPHEN CREYKE.

The Ven. Stephen Creyke, M.A., Rector of Bolton Percy, Prebendary and late Archdeacon of York, died at his rectory on the 11th inst., in his eighty-eighth year. He was youngest son of Captain Richard Creyke, R.N., Governor of the Royal Naval Hospital, whose father—the Rev. John Creyke, of Burleigh-on-the-Hill—was a second son of the very ancient Yorkshire family of Creyke, of Marton, which is traced back to Sir Walter de Creyke, Governor of Berwick in 1340. At the age of seventeen the Archdeacon competed successfully for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in 1816 graduated first-class in Literis Humanioribus. He was ordained in 1819, made Canon of York Cathedral in 1821, appointed Archdeacon of York in 1847, and in 1865 (after having held successively the livings of Wigginton, Sutton-on-the-Forest, and Beeford) presented to the Rectory of Bolton Percy. He married, Sept. 6, 1823, Sarah, daughter of Colonel George Hotham, and by her (who died in 1879) leaves Walter Pennington and other issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Mrs. Shore (Charlotte Mary), second daughter of Mr. George Cornish, of Salcombe Manor, Devon, and widow of the Hon. Frederick John Shore, H.E.I.C.S., son of John, first Lord Teignmouth, on the 11th inst., aged eighty-three.

Lady John Chichester, widow of Lord John Ludford Chichester, brother of the Marquis of Donegal, on the 11th inst., at an advanced age. This lady (Caroline Mary) was daughter of Mr. Henry Bevan, a younger son of Mr. Silvanus Bevan, of Fosbury; was married in 1811, but leaves no issue.

Mr. William Nelson Suckling, last surviving son of the late Colonel William Suckling, of Banham Haugh, Norfolk, and grandnephew of the gallant Captain Maurice Suckling, R.N., M.P., the early patron of Nelson, at his residence, Hill Head House, Farnham, on the 6th inst.

Surgeon-General T.B. Johnstone, M.D., third son of the late Colonel W. Johnstone, C.B., recently, in his sixty-sixth year; graduated at Edinburgh in 1842; proceeded to India on the Bombay establishment, and served in the campaign under Napier 1844-5.

Major-General Francis Mardall, late Judge-Advocate-General at Madras, on the 9th inst. He entered the Army in 1





CHRISTMAS ROSES.
DRAWN BY A. JOHNSON.

EVERYONE HIS OWN PANTOMIME.

The peculiar form of theatrical entertainment called pantomime, originally derived from the Italian popular stage, but which was introduced to London playgoers above one hundred and fifty years ago, seems likely soon to become extinct, along with the congenial performance of "Punch" in our city streets. Pantaloan, Harlequin, and Columbine, with their not less important companion, the Clown, will hardly survive the present generation; and the genius of a Grimaldi, or the artlessness and vivacity of Harry Boleno, will find other employment in some new variety of grotesque and humorous extravagance. "The old order changeth, giving place to new, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world;" for the best inventions finally grow stale, and fun which has been worn out by continual repetition ceases to be wholesome and attractive entertainment. There is, however, in this and in all other truly humorous conceptions, a certain element of human interest which is apt to abide in traditional remembrance. Sooner or later, the time will have come for the very last appearance of those droll personages at a London theatre to be recorded as an event of the past. Some idea of their respective characters will be preserved in literary allusions and in satirical comments upon whimsical features of social or domestic life. Our Artist has apparently been led to prepare for this transition by delineating the figures of a few people in the common ways of ordinary mankind, whose habits and gestures show a certain similarity to those of the familiar actors of pantomime and to the stock characters of the fairy extravaganza with which it has frequently been combined. "Sprites" and "Tumblers" we shall always have with us, so long as we have frolicsome children, more especially boys under ten or twelve years of age. The little girls will be fairies till they go to school. Smart and nimble juvenility, in either sex, up to five-and-twenty, will contrast, as in Harlequin and Columbine the graceful dancer, with the halting feebleness of superannuated Pantaloan; while the energetic rudeness of the Clown is unconsciously displayed in the manners of a "pushing man." These types of demeanour are perennial, whatever names they bear; and so is that of the "fop" or "masher," haunting the entrance to the stalls, who looks particularly silly just now.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

The roses of fair, fresh, and youthful womanhood are never out of season, and bloom as well amidst the snows of an English winter as in the genial warmth of summer. These two young ladies, it may be remarked, are not equally dressed for the outdoor weather of December, though each carries her muff and has put something about her neck; but they seem both of a healthy constitution, and we trust that the lighter-clad will take no harm from the cold. As for the favourite English flower to which these maidens are likened, one of our old Elizabethan poets has said, "It is the very emblem of a maid"; of which Tennyson has also said, in further commendation; "As sweet as English air could make her." Volumes might be filled with quotations of the poets' sayings about roses and girls; but none more to the purpose than that of Edmund Waller:

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

EAST LONDON UNION FOR ADVANCED EDUCATION
EVENING CLASSES.

This educational union, having during the last four years been doing much good work among the youths and young men employed or resident in this populous district, purposes now, by a widely extended organisation, to maintain in the east of London an educational centre, where instruction in the higher branches of knowledge—science, art, languages, technology, and other subjects of general utility—will, for the lowest possible fees, be afforded by teachers of well-ascertained ability. To connect officially with the Union the various Young Men's Societies and Institutes in the district; and to enlist the co-operation, through a wide area, of as many as possible who come into relations with young people, such as ministers of different denominations, officers and promoters of young men's societies, clubs, institutes, teachers of public schools, employers of labour, and influential laymen generally. The institution is much needed to meet the requirements of the large numbers of young people in the district who are unable to pay high fees or to travel to classes in other parts of London. The work began with four classes, and the number at the present time is thirty-four, which have been attended by 4200 students, 1000 of whom may be reckoned for the present session. The Duke of Albany is President; and among the trustees and vice-presidents are the Bishops of London and Bedford, Lord George Francis Hamilton, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mr. Edward North Buxton, and other influential gentlemen, especially those connected with the East of London. Donations in aid of the extension of the work may be forwarded to the Chairman of the Committee, the Rev. J. Fenwick Kitto, Rector of Stepney, E.; to Sir Edmund Hay Currie, treasurer, St. Leonard's-street, Bromley, E.; or to the hon. secretary, Mr. F. H. Parsons, the Schools, Jubilee-street, E.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 10, 1875), with a codicil (dated March 11, 1881), of Sir Edward Henry Scott, Bart., J.P., D.L., the senior partner in the firm of Sir Samuel Scott and Co., of No. 1, Cavendish-square, bankers, late of Sundridge Park, Kent, who died on Aug. 1 last, at West Cowes, was proved on the 8th inst. by Dame Emilie Scott, the widow, Herbert Henry Walford, Edward Packe, and Francis Hoare, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £917,000. This sum does not include £500,000 in the hands of trustees under a settlement made by his late uncle, Mr. Samuel Scott, and over which he had a power of appointment among children. The testator devises his hereditaments at Sundridge, and all other his real estate in the county of Kent, except his messuage Frelands House, to the use of his wife until one of his sons shall attain twenty-one or she shall marry again, whichever event shall sooner happen; then to the use of his eldest son for life, with remainder to his first and subsequently born sons, successively, according to seniority in tail male. Frelands House is left to his wife for life, and then to the same uses as the Sundridge Park estate. All his statuary, plate, plated articles, books, pictures, ornamental glass and china, furniture, articles of virtù, and two-thirds of his jewellery are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house at Sundridge Park; but the two-thirds of his jewellery, and such of the other things mentioned as are at No. 27, Grosvenor-square, are subject to a life interest therein given to his wife. The testator also gives to his wife £2000, one-third of his jewellery, and all his horses, carriages, harness, farming stock, wines, and consumable stores, household glass and china, and other effects not made heirlooms, absolutely. His leasehold house, No. 27, Grosvenor-square, she is to have the use of for life, and it is then to pass with the residue of his property. He bequeaths £500 each to the Middlesex Hospital, St. Marylebone Almshouses, St. Marylebone Charity Schools, and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; £400 to the Bromley Cottage Hospital; £300 each to St. Mary's Hospital and the Caledonian Society; and considerable legacies and annuities to his brother, mother-in-law, brothers-in-law, nephew, cousins, and other relatives, executors, trustees, clerks, yacht's crew, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate (except his real estate in Scotland, which is not disposed of by the present will) is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or until she shall marry again; then, as to £40,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, as to £50,000 for each of his sons, except his eldest son, and as to the ultimate residue for his eldest son, one moiety whereof is settled upon him. The testator appoints the said sum of £500,000, subject to his wife's life interest in one fourth, as to £50,000 for each of his younger sons, in addition to the legacies already given to them, and as to the remainder for his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated June 5, 1883) of Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Case, late of No. 12, Clifton-crescent, Folkestone, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by John Grant Morris, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £105,000. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 to her son, Henry Ashton Case-Walker; £10,000 each to her daughters Mrs. Ellen Davidson and Mrs. Blanche Emma Beatrice Gordon; £5000 each to her daughters Mrs. Emily Jane Forster and Mrs. Constance Hannah Walker; £2000 each to her grandchildren, Charles, Edith, and Blanche Bullock; £300 to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary; £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and some other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said son.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1876), with two codicils (dated Dec. 23, 1881, and July 21, 1883), of Mrs. Jane Austen, late of No. 51, Warrior-square, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, who died on Sept. 27 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Charles Joseph Parke and William Francis Holcroft, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £74,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Ladies' Home, St. John's-wood; St. Leonard's Infirmary; the Home for Invalid Gentlewomen, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; and the Convalescent Home for Children, St. Leonard's;—£50 to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Widows; £25 each to the Orphanage at Chiselhurst, and the Children's Hip Hospital, Sevenoaks Vine; and many legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be divided between her seven nephews and nieces—Joseph Parke, General William Parke, Letitia Parke, Brymer Belcher, Maria Belcher, Mariette Louisa Belcher, and Henrietta Belcher.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Peeblesshire, signed Nov. 1 last, of the will (dated July 20, 1882) of Sir William Taylour Thomson, K.C.M.G., C.B., formerly her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Persia, late of Caerlee, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, who died on Sept. 15 last, granted to Mrs. Catherine Low Thomson or Stewart, the sister, and John Thomson Stocks, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 21st ult., the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding of £34,000.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1860), with a codicil (dated Jan. 20, 1864), of the Right Hon. William Beresford, P.C., late of Hampton Court Palace, and of No. 40, Eccleston-square, who died on Oct. 6 last, was proved on the 23rd ult., by Mostyn de

la Poer Beresford, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator gives all his property to his eldest son Mostyn, his two younger children, Edward Marcus and Frances Arabella, being provided for by settlement. The deceased was M.P. for Ilfracombe from 1841 to 1847, and for North Essex from 1847 to 1865, and was Secretary at War from March to December, 1852.

The will of Miss Elizabeth Jane Dodsworth, late of No. 4, Robertson-terrace, Hastings, who died at Vevey, Switzerland, on Oct. 5 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by William Hearle Lyall and the Very Rev. Daniel Gilbert, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her brother and others, and £1600 to the Most Rev. Cardinal Manning, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, to be applied in or towards the erection or otherwise for the benefit of the Roman Catholic cathedral in Westminster. The residue of her property, including jewellery not specifically bequeathed, she also leaves to Cardinal Manning for the same purpose.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1883) of the Right Rev. Francis Kerr Amherst, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sozusa, sometime Bishop of Northampton, late of Fieldgate House, Kenilworth, who died on Aug. 21 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Sir Francis Fortescue Turville, K.C.M.G., and Miss Harriet Anne Amherst, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9800. The testator bequeaths, among other legacies, £1500 to his brother, the Rev. William Joseph Amherst; £200 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, for the permanent benefit of the Kenilworth mission. The residue of the personality he gives to his said sister. A piece of freehold land at Kenilworth, on which stand a Roman Catholic church, priest's house, and schools, with a burial-ground attached, he leaves to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham; and the remainder of his freehold land at Kenilworth to his sister, for life, then to his brother, for life, and then to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton.

The will (dated June 6, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1883), of Miss Isabella Dann, late of No. 11, Chester-place, Hyde Park-square, who died Aug. 26 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Henry Richmond Droop, George Aubrey William Thorold, and Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to her cousin, Mrs. Radcliffe; £4000 to Mrs. Drury; £7000, upon trust, for her nephew, John Berridge Gladwyn Jebb for life; and then for his daughter, Isatell Gladwyn Gladys Jebb; and legacies to other relatives, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her property she gives to her said cousin, Mrs. Radcliffe.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

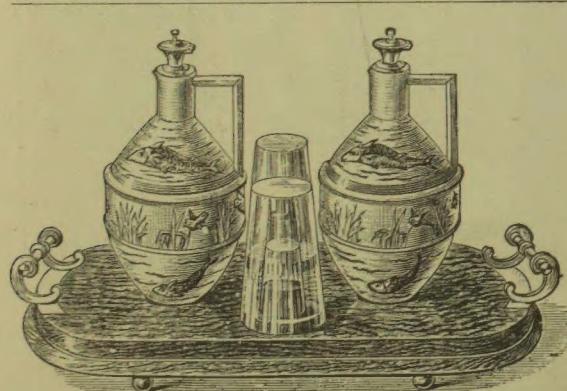
The following are the lecture arrangements before Easter, 1884:—Christmas Lectures: Professor Dewar, six experimental lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on Alchemy, in relation to Modern Science; Reginald Stuart Poole, Esq., two lectures on the Interest and Usefulness of the Study of Coins and Medals; five lectures by Professor A. Geikie; Professor John G. McKendrick, five lectures on Animal Heat: its Origin, Distribution, and Regulation; Professor Ernst Pauer, six lectures on the History and Development of the Music for the Pianoforte and its predecessors the Clavichord, Harpsichord, &c. (with musical illustrations on these instruments); Professor Tyndall, six lectures on the Older Electricity—its Phenomena and Investigators; Professor Henry Morley, six lectures on Life and Literature under Charles I.; Captain Abney, six lectures on Photographic Action, considered as the Work of Radiation.

The probable arrangements for the Friday evening meetings are as follows:—Jan. 18: Professor Tyndall, Rainbows. Jan. 25: the Rev. Professor T. G. Bonney, The Building of the Alps. Feb. 1: Professor F. Max Müller, Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, the Religious Reformer of India (died at Bristol, 1833). Feb. 8: Mr. George J. Romanes, The Darwinian Theory of Instinct. Feb. 15: Professor T. E. Thorpe, The Chemical Work of Wöhler. Feb. 22: Sir Frederick Bramwell, London (below bridge) North and South Communication. Feb. 29: Professor D. E. Hughes, Theory of Magnetism, illustrated by experiments. March 7: Mr. C. Vernon Boys. March 14: Mr. J. N. Langley, The Physiological Aspect of Mesmerism. March 21: Mr. Walter Besant, The Art of Fiction; Professor Osborne Reynolds, and others.

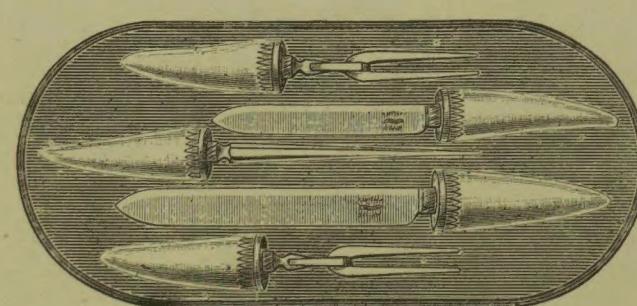
The Smithfield Club Cattle Show, which closed yesterday week at the Agricultural Hall, was most successful.

Mrs. Gladstone yesterday week presented the prizes won by the Hawarden Volunteers. Mr. W. H. Gladstone responded to the vote of thanks which was passed, and referred to his former connection with the corps, which he was obliged to sever on undertaking Parliamentary duties.

Under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, a meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday week to inaugurate a new scheme for a centre of education and recreation in the east of London in connection with the Beaumont Trust. Sir E. H. Currie explained the scheme, which would cost, it was expected, £50,000, of which £5000 had been promised. Professor Huxley, Mr. Goschen, M.P., the Rev. W. Rogers, and Mr. Ritchie, M.P., spoke on the subject, and it was agreed that the scheme was fully deserving of public support.



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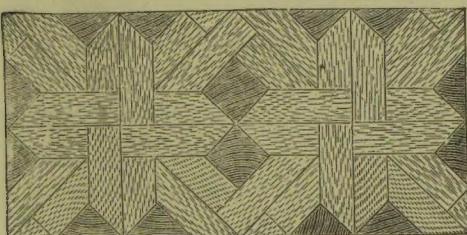


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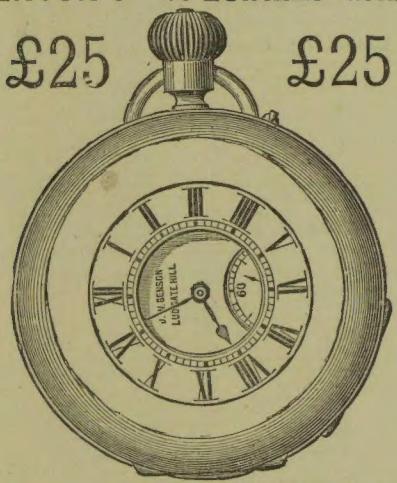
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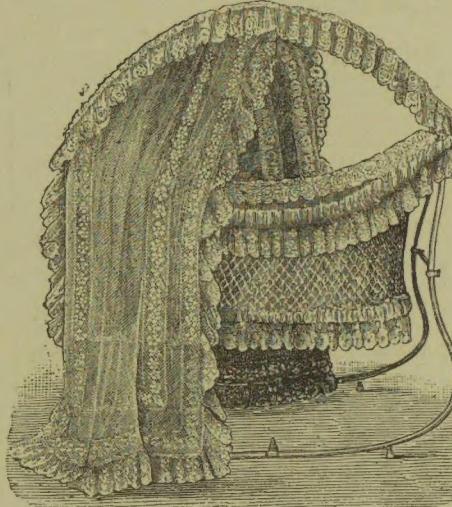
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* See "The Lancet," Oct. 13, 1883.

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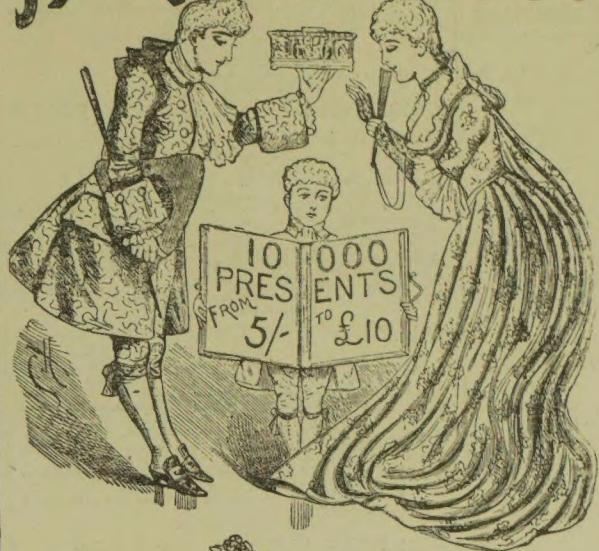
knew its good qualities well enough to know that we had a medicine which at least we could rely upon for setting us up again. We have had two doses before breakfast yesterday and to-day, and the effect is really wonderful. All traces of headache, biliousness, &c., have passed away, and we are in first-class spirits, and able to appreciate and see with pleasure the wonderful vagaries of nature in this district. We can unhesitatingly recommend your preparation to all who may be similarly afflicted, and trust that it may meet with a still wider sale, as its good and excellent qualities fully entitle it.—Reykjavik, Iceland, Oct. 19, 1883.—Mr. Eno, London."—TRUTH.

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